AUGUST, 1956
K

The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE DUDE

ERSKINE CALDWELL

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

TOM LEHRER

SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Fifty Cents



AUGUST, 1956 THE DUDE VOL. I NO. 1



CAMERAGE BY STRIMBAN/WILLIG

THE DUDE *is a magazine devoted to the pleasures of men — but women will enjoy reading it too.*

THE DUDE *will give its readers the very best in realistic writing of a high literary quality. The basic idea is to give the reader pleasure, both sensuous and intellectual. No subject matter will be barred in fiction or articles so long as they entertain and give pleasure. You will find humor, satire, serious pieces, and ultra-sophistication here.*

Welcome to our pages.



DUDE

THE AUTOMATIC GENTLEMAN — *fiction* 2 Robert A. Hart

WAXIN' MELLOW — *records* 4 John Sebastian

WILDCAT — *fiction*. 5 Lorane Sutton

LA BELLE BRIGITTE — *pictorial essay* 10

THE COMPLEAT CLAMMER — *satire*. 14 Eli Waldron

THE QUEER BULLS — *autobiography* 16 Sidney Franklin

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE — *photo-poem* 22

COME TO MY PARTY — *fiction* 25 Michael Shaara

HOW TO HANG WALLPAPER — *pictorial essay* . . . 31

WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GRAY — *words and music* . 35 Tom Lehrer

THE FIELD OF BLUE CHILDREN — *fiction*. 38 Tennessee Williams

MOOD AND THE MEMORY — *photo portfolio* 41 Anthony Guyther

BUD PERRY'S FIRST WIFE — *fiction* 44 Erskine Caldwell

MAN TOWARD THE STARS — *a study in sculpture* . . 47

THE LAST WORD WAS THE CAT'S — *fiction*. 50 Robert C. Murphy

STEEL GRIP — *fiction* 52 Justine Miner

A TITILLATING TABLE — *food* 58 Pat Diska

RIGHT DRESS — *fashions*. 64 Roger Hayes

NIGHT SHIFT — *dining* 65 Dermod Kenedy

The magazine devoted to pleasure

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — James H. Holmes

ASSOCIATE EDITOR — Arthur Oesterreicher

PRODUCTION MANAGER — Selma P. Olson

ASSISTANT TO ART DIRECTOR — Lois Heckert

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER — Jeanne Minzer

PUBLISHER AND ART DIRECTOR — Maurice Murray

VOL. 1, NO. 1, AUGUST, 1956

THE DUDE, Volume 1, Number 1, August, 1956. Published bi-monthly by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc., Mount Morris, Illinois. Editorial offices at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y. Telephone: LOngacre 4-5147.

Entire contents copyrighted 1956 by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc. Application for second-class mail privileges is pending at Mount Morris, Ill. All rights reserved as to the entire contents of this issue. Single copies, 50 cents. Subscription rates: Six issues in U.S. and possessions, $3.00; 12 issues, $6.00. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manuscripts and pictures; the publisher accepts no responsibility for return. Printed in U.S.A. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

Credits: "The Field of Blue Children", copyrighted 1954 by Tennessee Williams, reprinted by permission of New Directions; "The Queer Bulls", reprinted by permission of publishers from 'Bullfighter From Brooklyn', copyright 1952 by Sidney Franklin, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.; pg. 22, ski clothes, White Mountain Ski Shop; pg. 23, fur coat, Milton C. Herman; front and back covers by Silver Studios.

An ideal servant—too perfect for a jealous husband . .



fiction

ROBERT A. HART

There are certain things a man has to worry about when he marries the most beautiful girl in town—especially if she is thirteen years younger than himself. But such a situation has its good points, too. Money, for example, is hardly ever a problem. My Chevvy dealership was doing well, and I was able to give Barbara just about everything she wanted. Just after we were married, I took her down to my showroom and told her to take her pick. She chose a beauty of a yellow convertible with all the accessories. In 1951 I bought an automatic dish washer and dryer. By 1953 we had added a garbage disposal, a Mixmaster and a deepfreeze. This was enough gadgetry as far as I was concerned. Barbara had a way of looking very pretty with her lower lip pushed out, however, and I couldn't say no to her. In 1954 I bought a dehumidifier and an automatic rotisserie. For Christmas last year I gave her a self-winding wristwatch.

But an automatic home is never completely automatic. There are windows to wash, silverware to polish, beds to make and TV sets to tune in. By June of this year it was evident that we had a problem on our hands. Barbara's attitude became cool, then definitely chilly. I thought hard about what to do.

One day in mid-July I found the answer to the problem. One of my mechanics had left a popular science magazine in the showroom, and I was leafing through it. An advertisement read:

MECHANICAL MEN

Economical! Safe! Completely Automatic!
This perfect, life-sized replica
comes completely equipped with
electronic brain, self-charging
batteries and all other essential
equipment. Does work of all kinds.
The perfect handyman, 60-day warranty.

Two weeks later Railway Express brought a big crate from the Mechanical Man Company. I pried off the lid, lifted out a layer of excelsior and whistled in profound appreciation of modern science. The robots I had seen in the movies had cube-like heads and torsos covered with ugly dials and levers. My mechanical man, on the other hand, was streamlined and handsome. His rivets hardly showed. With his sharply-chiseled face and wire brush haircut, he resembled a metallic Princeton undergrad. The company had dressed the robot in an aluminum foil shirt and a grey flannel suit. I turned him on and sent him to mow the grass.

Barbara didn't know what to make of the robot. I think she was a little scared, because the next day she went downtown to the movies while he cleaned the

house, did the washing and whipped up dinner. He even held Barbara's chair when she sat down at the table.

"Thank you." She seemed a little flustered. The idea of her saying thank you to a mechanical man made me want to laugh.

With a subtle hum and an occasional click, the robot served the most remarkable meal that I have ever eaten. His lemon meringue pie was a chef's masterpiece. After pouring the coffee he touched a match to Barbara's cigarette. His flourishes were very Continental. Barbara didn't seem scared any more, and I decided that the mechanical man had won her over. By the end of the evening she was calling him Mac.

The next day was Saturday, and I got a big kick out of loafing around while Mac worked. Since he was rustproof I had him wash the car. Then he cleaned the downstairs windows. As he prepared to climb the extension ladder to do the upstairs windows, I heard a buzz and a click. Amazing! With his electrical brain he was able to shift his own gears. There seemed to be nothing he couldn't do.

About three in the afternoon I told Mac to go inside and help Barbara. He scrubbed the bathroom floor and made the beds. Barbara watched, and I could tell that she was greatly impressed.

It was just after supper that the trouble started. I settled back into my favorite chair and told Mac to turn on the TV. The set warmed up, and the fuzzy images became clear. Mac had tuned in one of those highbrow Broadway plays . . . the kind with the endings that leave you all up in the air. I think they call them Saturday Night Spectaculars, I walked over to the set and changed the channel. Bert Preem's laugh filled our living room. (He's the emcee on the $50,000 Quiz.) This was more like it.

The noises began almost immediately. First I heard a couple of clanks, and then a rattle. At first I thought it was the TV, but then I got the first whiff. It was Mac . . . stinking like crazy. Whatever was rattling him was also causing oily black smoke to puff out from around his head and neck rivets.

The smoke and the noises continued while I thumbed through the instruction manual which had come with Mac. I could find nothing concerning smoke and noises.

"Call a doctor," Barbara yelled.

I almost laughed in spite of the seriousness of the situation. But at least her ridiculous remark gave me an idea. I rushed to the phone. After a lot of fiddling around the operators put me through to an official of the Mechanical Man Company.

"My mechanical man is smoking," I shouted into the receiver.

"Don't worry," the man said. "That often happens. Our products are perfect replicas of men. Even pick up the habits of men sometimes."

"No, no." I told him what was wrong.

"What started it?" the man asked.

"We were watching TV, and . . ."

"Which program?"

"The $50,000 Quiz."

"That explains it," the man said. "You ought to be more careful. Our product could blow a gasket over a show like that. Remember . . . our mechanical men are sensitive and have perfect taste."

Mac's smoke and clanking stopped when I twisted the channel knob. The Broadway play was still on. It would put me to sleep, but I didn't want to take any chances with Mac. I had a sizable down payment in him.

"This is *much* better than the $50,000 Quiz." Barbara's remark surprised me. Who was she trying to impress?

"I used to do a little acting in high school," she announced. I couldn't help resenting the way she said it. Trying to impress a damned Erector Set was ridiculous.

Mac's Sunday dinner was even tastier than the one Friday evening. I was in no mood to enjoy it, though. I tested the souffle, hoping it would be too salty. I actually prayed that the icing on his devil's food cake would be sticky. Just one mistake . . . one flaw. That's all I asked. It's a hell of a feeling to realize you're jealous of a mechanical man.

Things got worse in the afternoon. I couldn't get the lid off the glass jar we kept our Scrabble letters in. Mac took the jar and effortlessly unscrewed the lid with his thumb and forefinger. I looked around to see if Barbara was watching. She was. Mac beat me, 455-97, at Scrabble.

"Let's turn him off for awhile," I said.

"Don't you dare," Barbara said. "I don't want to *ever* turn him off. He's just too perfect for words."

We had more TV trouble in the evening. Mac started smoking during Ed Sullivan. I would have been content just to let him sit there and burn oil, but Barbara insisted that we turn off the TV. The idea of no television on Sunday night *really* made me mad.

Barbara began playing records on the phonograph, and I had to listen to them all evening long. "We'll have to buy some new records," Barbara said. "I don't think Mac likes these." I couldn't help notice how close she was sitting to him on the davenport.

It had been a bad day, and I wanted Barbara to reassure me . . . to tell me that everything was all right. Later on, up in the bedroom, I approached Barbara and put my arms around her. She placed her hands on my arms and shoved me away.

"You're getting flabby," she said. "You ought to try to harden yourself up a little."

The next day I couldn't keep my mind on Chevvys. I kept worrying about Barbara being home alone with that lousy tin snake-in-the-grass. I'd feel a lot better about trusting Mac if he had a girl of his own. I could fix him up with someone. But who? With that damned perfect taste of his, he would have to have the most beautiful girl in town. And that was impossible, because the most beautiful girl was . . . The thought hit me hard, and I didn't like the way things added up. Feeling weak and shaky, I picked up the phone and placed a call with the long distance operator.

"Mechanical Man Company," said a voice at the other end.

"These mechanical men," I said, "what about their equipment?"

"Equipment?"

"Yes," I said. "Just how complete are they?"

(*turn to page* 60)



WAXIN' MELLOW

Do you remember Gene Austin's heyday? Well, this is one guy who knew how to sing, and at fifty-six, still knows how to sing. A couple of new long-play albums by Gene are the impetus for all this sentimentality. One is a collection of some of Austin's old best sellers—reissues of the actual records he made so many years ago. The other is a showcase of Gene Austin today.

Gene Austin Sings All-Time Favorites ("X" Records, LVA 1007, 12", $3.98): Twelve songs of the "standard" class; and, as sung by Austin, each a work of art in itself. Two beautiful songs by the late Fats Waller: *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*. With the inclusion of *If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight*, another late great Harlem pianist-composer, James P. Johnson, is represented. Duke Ellington's beautiful *Mood Indigo*, and E. A. Swan's *When Your Lover Has Gone* are two more of my very, very favorites. The balance of the record includes (and *not* as "also-rans"): *My Melancholy Baby, St James Infirmary, St Louis Blues, After You've Gone, Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone, How Am I To Know?* and *All I do Is Dream Of You*

I'll not try to pick a best side because each song is sung so *right*—the way the song was meant to be sung. There is such a wonderful carefree feeling present in them which makes one yearn for those days gone by; just give him a listen and you'll *know* that singing is the most natural thing in the world for Gene Austin to do.

About the only place where this record falls down is that *RCA*'s engineers could have done a better resurrection. By paying less attention to "sound enhancing" (with too much echo, phony highs, and boosted bass), and spending more time on tape editing, they'd have had a top-quality record for the consumer.

Gene Austin: My Blue Heaven (RCA-Victor, LPM 3200, 10", $2.98): *Ramona, She's Funny That Way*, and *I'm In The Mood For Love; How Come You Do Me Like You Do, One Sweet Letter From You,* and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Lonesome Road, Someday Sweetheart,* and *Who; The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi, Sleepy Time Gal,* and *My Blue Heaven* These medleys were cut in 1954 and show clearly that Austin is still a great talent. The same easy-going feeling is here that was on the previous album; the voice is a bit more mellow, but that could be the recording.

The technical aspects here are much better than on the previous album (although the reissue album appeared on the market many months after the RCA set). A happy surprise was the absence (almost) of the disgusting electronic sound which is ever-present on most of today's records. The true artist never needs gimmicks, anyway, and Austin wouldn't buy the echo chamber bit when he cut these sides.

Austin is a terrific talent; he's still working the best rooms in the best hotels and clubs in the country. I personally hope he's financially well off, and that it won't be too long before some other person (like a TV producer) will become as nostalgic as I, remember Gene Austin, and try to get him signed to a contract. If he's given free rein, he'll click . . . and then *everyone* will know who Gene Austin is. —JOHN SEBASTIAN

Meet the Writers . . .

Erskine Caldwell was born in 1903 in Coweta County, Georgia, in a place too remote to even have a name. Today, he's one of his state's most famous sons—his novels have sold millions of copies all over the world and his stories (such as "Bud Perry's First Wife") continue to delight his readers.

Pat Diska, the author of "A Titillating Table", is a young Vassar graduate living in Paris.

27-year old Robert A. Hart has lived in Indiana for most of his life, and is currently enrolled in the graduate school of the University of Indiana. He was formerly a newsman with The South Bend Tribune.

Justine Miner, author of "Steel Grip", describes herself as a writer "interested predominantly in the secret, unconscious longings of everyday men and women." She is married to a California psychoanalyst

"The Last Word Was The Cat's" is the brainchild of R. C. Murphy a new writer who's a professional scientist.

Mike Shaara, author of "Come To My Party", says of himself: "Born in Jersey City, N.J., in 1928, son of a Hague Democrat and a Texas schoolteacher. Raised alternately in Texas and Jersey City. Entered Rutgers University in 1945 but left to join the Army. Served as buck sergeant in 82nd Airborne Division. Did much boxing at this time. Had many boxing uncles and so learned some tricks early, but had sharp brow ridges and brittle hands, so had to quit. Have often regretted it. After Army returned to Rutgers briefly, left again to join Merchant Marine Returned to Rutgers. Made it finally, got degree in 1951. Since then have published a few short stories, held many jobs. Live now in Inverness, Florida, with wife and four-year old son. Spend most of my time fishing. Do not think I will be here long."

Lorane Sutton is a native of Oklahoma now living in New York. "Wildcat" is her first published story.

When queried about his background and activities, clammer-humorist Eli Waldron replied: "Born in Wisconsin, non-clamming land. I hurried East as soon as possible to take up my life's work. I was naturally endowed for the sport, having long legs, sensitive toes and a kind of bi-valvular know-how, without which the would-be clammer is defeated from the start."

Has anyone in the house *not* heard of Tennessee Williams? We doubt it. "The Field of Blue Children" is only one of the many fine short stories he has written during his career—stories which explore the unusual, the macabre, and above all the strange ways of the human heart in love.



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD WING

WILDCAT

fiction / LORANE SUTTON



It was high time for Pearley to get married —
And she knew exactly what kind of man she wanted

Pearley stood naked in the big tin wash tub, looking out of her window across the sweet potato patch towards the oil well drilling a hundred yards away from the house. She was watching Johnny Blue working on the rig floor. The crew were taking their tools out of the hole to change bits. In the sweltering summer afternoon, Johnny was working stripped to the waist and even at this distance she could see his broad shoulders and the slim-hipped tallness of him.

The heat of the southwestern sun beating on the three-room shack was nothing compared to the hot coiling heat that curled up through Pearley's belly, making her writhe with its blooming. Like some wonderful unreachable thing blossoming in her viscera, sapping her strength, it made her knees weak and her smooth flanks tremble with a kind of delicious palpitation. She drew her hands along her slim thighs and gasped at the thought that those hands could be Johnny's.

Through sheer force of will, she looked away from the window and took a towel from the bedstand. She watched her reflection in the cracked mirror of the old dresser and even its distortions could not hide the shoulder-length blonde hair, so light that it looked silver; the strong sinuous tapering legs and the round small hips and the flat lithe belly. There was about her a richness that came from the earth itself, promising fruitfulness and ripeness.

She rubbed her fresh skin to a glow with the rough towel then stepped out of the washtub and dried her feet. She stood a moment before the window, catching the breeze, charged with blazing heat, but it was cooling across her skin, touching her thrusting young breasts, flowing around the nipples like a sweet caress. The fire inside her mounted as she watched Johnny work.

It made her feel good to watch them pulling their drilling tools out of the earth. The great steel derrick throbbing in the patch with its noisy cacophony of

(turn over)



sounds matched the clamour and throbbing inside her. It made her want Johnny more than ever.

She'd been watching him nearly two weeks while the well was being drilled and she'd wanted him ever since she first saw him. But he was so shy and scared of her that she couldn't get near him. Now she was going down there to watch him work. Maybe she could find a way to make him less shy.

Pearley put on her new tight panties and slipped her dress with its flaring skirt over her head. The snug bodice hugged her breasts boldly; she never wore a bra anyway. When she had stuck her feet into her fine high-heeled red shoes and brushed her lustrous pale hair, she painted her generous mouth with the bright red lipstick. Then she took her treasured bottle of perfume and liberally doused her bosom with it. The fumes filled the small room and the heat made the odor a heady sweetness, heavy with its promise of passion. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply; this beautiful smell would surely affect Johnny.

She opened the door and went into the kitchen. Her ma stood at the kitchen stove stirring a pot of collard greens. Her pa lifted his head and sniffed appreciatively.

"My, you shore smell good, Pearley," he said, and winked at her.

Pearley switched her skirts and grinned at him. Her ma looked up from the pot she was stirring and sniffed too.

"Jed Mayes, you stop encouraging her in her sluttish ways. And Miss Smartie Pants, you better watch your step with them wildcat oil fellers, or you'll be in trouble. And mind you, I don't want no little woods colts running around here, shaming me in front of the preacher. It's high time you got yourself married."

Pearley ran her hand down her body and flung her hair back over her shoulder with a quick shake of her head. "I ain't worried about the preacher. I know what he wants and so do you." She looked knowingly at her ma.

"Don't you sass me, Miss Smart Aleck. I'm married and you're not, and so long as you ain't I'm going to tell you what to do. A married woman don't have to worry about no woods colts. You sass me once more and I'll take a stick of stove wood to you."

Pearley started to say something, but before she could get into a fight with her ma, Jed cut in.

"Pearley, goddamnit, don't sass yer ma this close to supper time. I don't want no woman fights around here to get my stummick upset so I can't eat. Git along now."

Pearley flounced out the door and walked toward the drilling well. As she walked through the potato patch, then into the tall weeds beyond it, she saw the men taking the last of the drill stem out of the hole. The great round-headed bit on the end came slowly out of the hole dripping with the viscous drilling fluid. Pearley shivered as she saw Johnny grasp the big pipe and swing it away from the hole.

When the noise of the straining engines stopped, there was a low gurgling deep in the earth, and then the hole gave a belch and the viscous fluid spurted up. Another followed and the sound became a roar. The drilling fluid became a geyser of oil and mud, then pure

oil, and it went roaring over the top of the derrick. Instantly they were all covered with oil and Pearley was drenched, her clothes plastered to her with its wet weight, outlining her lush body.

The driller shouted and the men scrambled to cut off the engines and get the blowout valve working. The great flooding stream of oil began to lessen; then it stopped as the valve was closed. The men stood staring at each other, stunned. But Pearley was mad.

"You lousy bastards," she yelled. "Look at my dress and new red shoes!" She picked up a clod of dirt and hurled it angrily at the driller. It bounced off his hard hat in a shower of dirt, but it broke their paralysis, and they began dancing around, yelling and beating each other on the back.

"It's a gusher! We'll get a helluva bonus for this one!"

"You're rich, Pearley! Rich as dirt!" the driller yelled. Pearley let that sink in.

Then she turned to Johnny and grabbed him around the neck, kissing him hard. At first he struggled, but then he put his arms around her. And she swung her hips into him, feeling the hotness of his belly against hers, and the slick oil added to the sliding thrill thrusting through her with a fierce unyielding surge.

Her breasts against his hard chest were crushed in an ecstasy of bruised sliding movement. She felt his strong arms around her, crushing her harder against him, as he responded to her burning longing for him. The oiled slipperiness of him set her wild in a way she had never dreamed could be. Then suddenly he thrust her aside and stepped back, looking at her with a wild cornered light in his eyes, a new light dawning there too now, but he was afraid of it. She stood panting, staring at him, hearing the men around them laughing. Then she heard her ma's voice yelling.

"Pearley! look at your clothes! Come down off that rig this minute!" Her pa was just standing there with his mouth hanging open, looking at the oil all over everything. The driller shouted to her ma.

"Miz Mayes, you don't have to worry about no clothes now. You're rich!"

Her pa looked dazed as he stared at her ma. Then they both reached out and touched the oil trickling down the side of the steel doghouse, rubbing it between their fingers. It was thin as pancake syrup and a rich dark golden-green. Her pa spoke in an awed voice.

"Gawd—oil on my old sandy no-account farm."

"How much?" he asked the driller. "Much as five hundred dollars even?"

The men all laughed. "Why, if they drill enough wells, you could have that much a day." Her pa looked dazed. There wasn't more than five hundred dollars in the world, not his world anyway.

Then the driller was all business. "Johnny, you stay here with the rig. I'll have to go get the cementing truck out here before we can do anything more. It'll be midnight before they can get out here, so the rest of you men come on in with me. I'll send the car back with the midnight crew, Johnny, and you can drive it back."

As they drove away Pearley's ma and pa started back to the house. "Pearley, you come on up to the house and get them clothes in the washpot."

Pearley had her mind on Johnny but she said "All right" absently as her pa and ma went towards the house.

She stood looking at Johnny, feeling the heat of the day and the oil on her, remembering with a sharp glowing awareness his hard chest against hers. And the oil! She'd never felt anything so wonderful. She closed her eyes, remembering the feel of his skin against her, and she breathed deeply. She saw him looking at her and that new light was in his eyes, stronger now, but he backed off.

"You go on home, Pearley," he said, his voice rough and husky with a new tone to it. "I got to wash this oil off me and I got no place to do it but out here on the rig platform." Pearley didn't move. "Now go on before I have to chunk something at you," he shouted.

Pearley stuck out her tongue at him and walked through the weeds towards the house. Johnny got a bucket from the doghouse and went to the water tank to draw a bucketful. Pearley watched him over her shoulder until his back was turned, then she ducked down and hid in the tall weeds. Johnny came back with the water to the wooden platform, beyond the steps leading up to the doghouse, and set the bucket down. He got a big bar of soap and took his clothes off. Slopping some water over himself, he began working up a thick lather.

Pearley watched him through the weeds. The sun was going down and Johnny's skin was golden in the fading light. Faintly she heard her ma calling her, but it seemed from far away, and she couldn't answer now anyway. She forgot about her ma. Johnny was so darned bashful he didn't have bat sense, but she forgot that too as she watched him. She felt the heady heat rising in her, strong and surging, a sweet flowing river of pain that was paralyzing and deliciously weakening all at once. Her insides seemed to dissolve in the midst of the maddening turmoil of forces inside her. She clasped her breasts through the thin gingham dress and felt the writhing delicious pain. Hardly aware of what she did, she crept closer until she was at the bottom of the rig steps, her eyes constantly on Johnny.

She stood there a moment then stepped out of her shoes and slowly lifted her dress, revealing her long sinuous legs and the dark shadows of her thighs, the deep V of her panties and the supple belly. Then she had it over her head and her breasts stood out, proud silky globes which seemed to have a life of their own, moving as she brought her arms down with the dress. Slipping out of her panties she stretched her hands upward the undulating length of her body, lithe and ripe with all the promise of her lush rich womanliness. As she stood on tiptoe, she moved her body to some inner rhythm of her own and its silken movements were like a silent boiling hotness. She could stand it no longer.

"Johnny, let me scrub your back," she whispered and her voice was rough and husky to her own ears.

He looked up startled and, seeing he was cut off from the doghouse and his clothes, tried to cover himself with his hands, his face burning red. "Pearley, you get out of here!" he shouted. "Can't a man even take a bath

(turn over)



in peace?" Then he stood staring at her below him and she started moving toward the steps in graceful flowing motions that were like the symbolic dance rhythms of some pagan love rite. Johnny could not tear his eyes away and his modesty was forgotten. Pearley could see the effect she had on him as she moved closer. Now she could see the flaming bursting desire of him along with the shy fright.

"Pearley!" It was her ma's outraged voice. Pearley froze until the lashing switch caught her across the back and legs, then she jumped from the steps, her ma in hot pursuit. "You nekkid hussy—I'll teach you to come when I call you!" her ma screamed. Pearley tore off through the weeds toward home. Her ma stopped and came back for her clothes. She picked them up from the ground then stared up at Johnny, naked and covered with soapsuds. She smiled admiringly at him, dropping the switch, and smoothing her dress across her hips.

"Well, I declare!" she said with sweet admiration. "That girl ain't such a fool after all. If I was twenty years younger I'd climb right up there with you myself!"

Johnny came out of his daze and, forgetting modesty, dashed out of sight into the doghouse. Pearley's ma laughed throatily as she walked back through the potato patch towards the house.

Pearley was in her room scrubbing the oil off. She'd seen her ma wave to Johnny and she didn't like it at all. She scrubbed her skin with soap and lathered her hair again and again. She looked out of the window into the early dusk and though the sun was nearly down, she could see Johnny come back out on the rig platform to finish his bath. But he was watchful and wary now.

Standing on tiptoe with feet wide apart, she threw back her head as she ran her hands down her sides, stroking herself in a rhythm that was slow but gradually grew faster as her hands raced over her belly and thighs.

She felt incredibly alive and her blood flowed like boiling oil through her veins as her flanks and belly trembled with their dance of love.

Then she flung herself on the bed and lay still, letting the cool night air flow over her like a river of caressing waters. In the silence she could hear her ma talking to her pa.

"Jed Mayes, we got to get that Pearley married, and we can't wait! She's out of hand and we can't hold her no longer. Now this Johnny feller is a mite skeered but he's got a strong back and he's a *real* man."

"Now Marthy, you can't just up and put a gun on him and make him marry her. Not without no cause nohow. It's hard for a man to come to marryin' in the fust place and if you'd let them alone they'd do it theirselves."

"Lookey here, Jed Mayes, I know more about men than that. You got to make them do what you want and them bashful ones are the most stubborn."

"Well, they'll be gone soon, and maybe I'll get a little peace around here."

"That's what I know, you fool. Then who else is she goin' to marry?"

"Now quit frettin me, Marthy, before I git my supper."

"Pearley! Come and eat!" her ma called.

"I don't want nothin!" Pearley said sullenly. Then the door jerked open and her ma came in.

"Miss Sassy Mouth, you git out there and eat. You'll need yore strength to catch a *real* man like that Johnny Blue." Pearley didn't like her tone; it sounded as though her ma didn't think she was woman enough.

Pearley looked at her ma from under half closed-lids. "Oh, he felt me this afternoon, when I had that oil on me, and it nearly set us both crazy! He'll remember that." Her ma looked at her queerly.

"What about that oil on you and him?"

"It was on us, and when he kissed me, when the well come in, he felt me through it sliding around on his chest and he liked it plenty. I did, too; it was sweet as honey." Her ma merely said, "Come and eat," but Pearley could tell she was wondering about that oil on their skin.

Pearley went out and ate, then washed the dishes. Her ma told her to get to bed. "You ain't going out of this house *this* night, Miss Hot Britches." Pearley stamped off to her room, slamming the door and flinging herself onto the bed.

She got up and took her clothes off and lay there on the bed in the hot still darkness, her nerves screaming for release. She twisted from side to side on the bed, feeling the rough quilt brush against her breasts, and it set her wild with longing for Johnny. She couldn't wait any longer for her pa and ma to go to bed. Silently she pulled her dress on over her head, not bothering with underclothes.

She listened a moment, then slipped through the window on quiet bare feet. Like a wraith she moved through

the potato patch in the bright moonlight, then through the tall weeds. Creeping up the steps to the rig floor, silent as fog, she peeked into the doghouse. The moon shone through the opposite door and she saw Johnny lying dressed only in his shorts, but sound asleep on the bunk.

She stared at the bigness of him in the moonlight and started to tremble. A flooding weakness swept over her, making her cling to the door frame to keep from falling. With wild abandon, she wanted to jump in bed with him, but she had to force herself to think. If she scared him he would run out the other door and she could never catch him. Though her body was flushed with the boiling blood of desire, her brain became coldly calculating. This time he must not get away from her.

She stood shivering with anticipation and fear that this opportunity might slip away from her. What if she made a noise and he came out to see what it was and she pushed him into the oil pit then jumped in with him . . . That would be fun, but wouldn't it give him too much of a chance to run from her? But the oil on his body against hers was something she had to have.

She found herself staring at the smooth steel floor of the doghouse and then she had it.

Slipping out of her dress, she hung it on the railing around the walkway leading to the steps from the ground. Then she took a bucket and dipped it full of oil from the pit. She smeared it on her belly and her breasts and then silently went back to the steel doghouse and emptied the bucket onto the smooth steel floor. She sat the bucket outside and with great stealth crept into the doghouse.

She stood on the slick floor looking down at Johnny for a moment then crept into bed with him. He moved, murmuring something in his sleep, and she was in beside him, feeling the warmth of his skin next to hers. As she touched his chest with her hand he awakened and jumped violently. Pearley grabbed him around the neck as he sprang from the bunk and his feet hit the oiled steel floor. They went down in a heap and she wrapped her legs around his waist in a leg lock and clung.

He flailed at her as they rolled in the oil on the floor. Pearley had his face pressed into her breasts and she could feel his heavy breathing against them, the delicious prickle of his whiskers making her wild. A great shiver went down her spine and she began to talk to him.

"Johnny, it's me. Pearley. Be still and stop fighting. Just be still for a little while."

Johnny's flailing stopped and his movement took on a new color. His hands crept up her back, moving along the oily skin like satin. There was a sensuousness to his touch as his hands moved in the thin sweet oil over her body. The thrilling touch of him, of his hard, writhing chest muscles against her breasts and the wonderful sliding oil between them heightened it to the point of unbearableness. Pearley's brain spun and a lightness came over her as his mouth found hers at last and now there was no thought of running as they lay on the slick floor. Pearley released her leg lock on his waist and slid down his belly.

Suddenly Johnny went crazy and was kissing her with a wild abandon that she didn't believe possible in a man. His hands were hard against her yielding flesh and they were everywhere at once. She clasped him to her and writhed with ecstasy, his hard flat belly slippery against hers. His hands were locked against her back and he was clasping her to him with a power and purpose that was breathtaking as their bodies came together. The sweat broke on both of them, mingling with the oil in a sweet lubrication that could only end in ecstasy.

Then, as if a cloud came to cut off the moonlight, the doghouse grew suddenly dark. Pearley sat up. At one doorway stood her pa with his shotgun and at the other her ma with a jug of corn liquor.

"Pearley, get your dress on," her ma said, "and go fetch the preacher from down the road." Pearley was gone in a flash.

Johnny started to get up but Jed said. "Stay put there, young feller, you're in for a marryin', I'm afeered."

Ma giggled and said, "Here, Johnny boy, have a drink. It'll pearten you up and you won't feel a thing."

Johnny drank deeply and the jug passed around several times. It was much past the time when Pearley was due back when an old Model A Ford came bouncing down the road to the well and slammed to a stop.

Her ma handed the preacher the jug of corn and said, "Have a snort, Reverend, before you say the words that bind."

The preacher tipped the jug back and took a good long swig. Pa motioned for Johnny to get up off the oiled floor.

"I'll put my pants on," he said in a voice that had totally changed. It was firm and strong and not in the least afraid or shy. He wasn't about to run away now. Then Johnny came down the steps and they all stood in front of the headlights and the preacher married them.

Pearley's ma sniffed a little when it was over but Johnny took Pearley in his arms and wound himself around her without the least bit of bashfulness.

Ma kissed the preacher and stood back a moment, tasting and licking her lips. Then she let out a yell.

"Oil!" she screeched. "You got that off of Pearley, you whoring bastard!"

But the preacher was way ahead of her and in his car by this time. He got it started and turned toward the road before Pearley's ma found a monkey wrench and let it fly. It went through the back glass and the old car jumped over the hill like it had been kicked.

Ma proudly stepped up to Johnny and slapped him on the rump. "You're shore a fine figure of a man," she said admiringly.

Pearley was on her in an instant and her attack was so withering her ma ran up the path toward the house. Pearley stopped at the edge of the path and shouted at her.

"I'm a respectable married woman now, and you keep your cotton picking hands off my man or I'll chaw yore goddamned ears off!"

Johnny took Pearley firmly by the arm and led her back to the doghouse. As he closed and latched both doors with sure confidence, she heard her ma sweetly calling to her pa.

"Jed honey! Bring a bucket of that oil up with you . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLAUDE AZOULAY AND L. DE VAYSSE PARIS



la belle brigitte

In Europe they're colling her the hottest young stor in show business. And with good reoson. Becouse 20-yeor-old Brigitte Bordot hos got thot certoin ineffoble *je ne sois quoi* which mokes young men dreom ond old men sigh.
We bet you'll give up the old TV set for o night when her next movie, "Melle Pigolle," comes to town. For an intimote DUDE preview—eyes right!







But there are things that movies can't show. The tense excitement of rehearsals . . . the red-hot scenes that were left on the cutting room floor . . . here they are, in an unusual portfolio of behind-the-scene pictures. These are the first informal, unposed pictures of Brigitte to reach these shores—and we scooped them up for our readers' delectation. Now go ahead and delect to your heart's content!









THE COMPLEAT CLAMMER



SEQUENCE BY RONALD WING

nature

ELI WALDRON



Today, let's go clamming! All you need to go clamming is a couple of good strong toes and a clam bed. Good strong toes can be developed by deep—*very* deep—breathing exercises and a good clam bed can be developed by stealth, or skulk. I mean peering up over the gunnels of your boat or through a knothole in the side when you think no one else is looking. This way you can see where other clammers are clamming and whether or not they are waving their arms joyfully. If they *are* waving their arms joyfully, chances are there are no clams around, otherwise they would be busy picking them up. In this case you ought to go somewhere else. This is known as the skulking method. When you use *stealth*, you put on a big, floppy straw hat and dark glasses and stand somewhere in the shallow water of your bay or inlet or estuary and pretend you are a heron. You stand there very quietly, peering over the tops of your dark glasses, now and then emitting a heron-like squawk to fool the clammers. Unfortunately, this also sometimes fools the herons, who will settle down beside you and try to strike up a conversation. Don't answer them. You don't want to talk to these bird-brains anyway. If you must answer them, slip them a fish (always carry a couple of fish with you) and tell them to scram. Then move forward a couple of feet, closing in on the clam bed.

Once you've located the clam bed, you're all set. Start digging in with your toes to make contact with the clam. The first thing you will make contact with is a sharp stone which will bruise your right foot and render it useless for the rest of the day. This means you must dig left-handed, that is to say, left-*footed* for the rest of the morning—or afternoon. (If you go out in the morning, you are *digging clams in the morning;* if you go out in the afternoon, you are *digging clams in the afternoon*. The distinction is important, because if there is a dearth of clams in the morning you will have nothing to show for your pains, but if there is dearth in the afternoon, you will have a bright new pun at cocktail time.)

Are you carrying a pail in your left hand? Or your right hand? To put the clams in? That's fine. Yes, it's true that herons seldom carry pails around with them but you can hold it behind you and no one will notice the difference. If a heron settles down beside you and asks you what the hell you're doing carrying a pail, tell him you're picking berries. Call him a wise guy. Say to him, "I'm picking berries, wise guy. Now scram." If he doesn't scram, slip him a fish (always be sure to carry a couple of fish with you). After this, if he doesn't scram, kick him in the shins. Heron's shins are very sensitive. Now let out a loud squawk and move forward a couple of feet.

At this point you will notice a mild tingling in your right (or bruised) foot. This is an electric eel fooling around. If you are wired for A.C. and the eel is D.C., it will just tickle a little bit or maybe a little smoke will come out of one of your ears (it's a good idea, while clamming, to sniff the air for smoke every now and then). If you are wired for D.C. and the eel happens to be A.C. then, too, it will only tickle. But if *you* are A.C. and the *eel* is A.C., or if *you* are D.C. and the *eel* is D.C. then, man, you gonna get yourself knocked on your kazazza. Don't let it bother you, though. You are only unconscious in the water for a second and some people find the results extremely therapeutic. A man from Hohokus, New Jersey, for instance, got knocked on his kazazza three times in one afternoon and found the results so delightful that he has been laughing ever since. It is true that he laughs a little wildly at times, sits in a small room by himself and affects a rather close-fitting canvas blazer, the arms of which do not allow exactly *perfect* freedom of movement, but he is undeniably happy. Some people, seeking a different future, wear little lightning rods on top of their floppy straw hats when they are imitating herons. This is plain damn foolishness. Who ever heard of a heron wearing a lightning rod?

You are now ready to move into the clam bed proper. Let out a loud squawk and move in boldly. If you find you are in the bed with a stranger, tell him to get the hell out—that is, if you are a lady. If you are a man and the stranger is a lady, keep your mouth shut and wait for her to make the first move. You can peep up over the tops of your dark glasses and give her a wink if you like, but duck down at once so as not to alarm her. If this doesn't work you can hold out a fish between your teeth (if you have any fish left after all those herons) (if you have any teeth left after getting clobbered by the eel). If she accepts this present, it means she is hungry and will run off home to cook it, leaving you alone. Squawk like hell when she does this. Well, anyway, you are now ready to dig clams.

Start digging in with your left toes to make contact with the clam. The first thing you will make contact with is a sharp stone which will cut your remaining foot, rendering it useless for the rest of the day. You can limp home now through the salty water, your foot screaming, your back blistered, lightning-rod jangling, and thirsty as all get-out. You've had a good time, believe me. And there are cool martinis up ahead, dozens of them, after the first six of which you won't be able to tell yourself from the man in Hohokus.



autobiography



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

THE QUEER BULLS



Sidney Franklin, Brooklyn's only bullfighter, never had it so good as he did in Mexico when the maids and matrons of Tabasco thought his "youth, white skin and red hair", qualities they would like to have in their own family trees.

Franklin has been described by Ernest Hemingway as "better, more scientific, more intelligent, and more finished a matador than all but about six of the full matadors in Spain today . . . He is brave with a cold, serene, and intelligent valor . . . one of the most skillful, graceful and slow manipulators of a cape fighting today."

In his early, novice days, just after his Mexico City debut, when, unable yet to be taken seriously as a bullfighter—partly because there had never been a bullfighter from America—Sidney decided to tour the provinces of Mexico to get experience.

In his autobiography, BULLFIGHTER FROM BROOKLYN, Sidney relates how he ran into "Gwimpty" Badillo, who was recruiting bullfighters and their equipages for such a tour, and Gwimpty shipped them upriver to Villahermosa, the capital city of the state of Tabasco, which borders on Guatemala. In Villahermosa, after a deft performance in the ring, Sidney Franklin was taken quite seriously. He was feted; his red hair fascinated the populace, he engaged in a drinking bout for the Tabasco championship, and he laid out twenty sundry Mexicans who, much to his surprise (for next morning in jail, Sidney could not remember the event) complained to the police. Franklin hadn't a mark on him. The Mexicans were generally embarrassed and since nobody wanted to see a good bullfighter languish in jail, it was decided that in between the fortnightly bullfights the American ought to be provided with some amusement to keep him out of trouble.

The idea was to take Franklin on fortnightly hunting trips into the interior, the guest of Nicolas Browne, called Colás for short, the wealthy grandson of an American Southern Colonel Browne, who, "not satisfied with the way our War Between the States turned out," had long ago uprooted his entire family and settled in what is now the Mexican state of Tabasco. The family owned three quarters of the state, and Colás himself owned the light and power plant, most of the buildings, the bull ring, the theater, and the fifteen paddle-wheel steamers which plied the state's three rivers.

"Colás took one of the paddle wheelers out of service and reserved it for our exclusive use," says Franklin. "His suggestion was a good plan as any to keep me out of trouble in the city. The interior was pure tropical jungle at its best." Now go on with

The Maids and Matrons of Tabasco

Colás Browne was a wonderful host. He always invited a few friends to come along on our two-week hunting trips, although we were never more than twenty on any one trip because the little rear paddle-wheeler had only twenty small cabins on the upper deck.

We never took any food with us except a couple of barrels of salt and a couple of barrels of hardtack. We stopped in likely places whenever we felt like it and trapped or hunted and fished for whatever we ate. The native crew gathered a wide variety of lush tropical fruits I never had seen before. The hunt lost some of its zest for me because game was so abundant. . . . Crocodiles of all sizes snoozed everywhere along the river banks, and quite often we spotted nests of their eggs hatching in the sand.

On one of the early trips we stopped at Colás' Zaragoza Hacienda, far up the Tenosique River. We sidled to the river bank and, after tying up the boat to a big tree, went ashore. Not far inland we came to what must have been a charming house in its day. It wasn't very large as hacienda houses go. It had only ten rooms. But lack of constant care, jungle inmates, and the humidity had taken their toll. . . .

(turn over)

A Girl as a Gift

I didn't see any natives at the hacienda until our third day at Zarogoza. We were eating out in the open in the shade of a tall mango tree when a little dark-skinned girl sidled up to me and sat on the ground at my feet. She was completely naked and when I seemed surprised, Colás told me that no one in this region ever wore clothes at all, not even a fig leaf.

The girl couldn't have been more than five years old. She tugged at my leg and pointed to the food on the table. She didn't speak Spanish and I couldn't understand her Mayan dialect. But when I started to give her a piece of venison, Colás warned me not to give it to her. "Give her a bone if you want to," he said, "with very little meat on it."

"What's the idea, Colás?" I asked, surprised. "We've got plenty of meat and she's not a dog."

He laughed. "Don't misunderstand me," he said indulgently. "These natives aren't used to meat. They get it very rarely and I don't believe this child's stomach is prepared for it. This heavy meat is likely to do the child more harm than good."

I watched enthralled while the little girl, like an animal, gnawed the bone I gave her. After that, every time we were anywhere near the house, she followed me around like a pet. I couldn't get rid of her. But after the fourth day other natives seemed to pop up out of the foliage at every turn. Colás told me that I was the fairest person ever to visit the region. I was very light and freckled and had a curly shock of flaming copperyred hair. They never had seen anything like that before and it took them a few days to get to the point where they came and went freely whenever I was around. And it took me just as long to get used to people of all ages casually going about their daily chores with absolutely nothing on.

When we were getting ready to return to Villahermosa, Colás told me that the child's mother wanted me to take the little girl with me as a gift. I laughed at the thought of such a thing. But Colás was serious.

"What would I be doing with a five-year old girl?" I asked.

"That's not the point," he said. "Her mother believes in *lahiciste ojo*—believes that you gave her The Eye. That's the only way she explains the child's not being afraid of you. You remember that the child was the first one to come out of hiding, and now she follows you around like a puppy. And she refuses to eat except what you give her yourself. And around these parts they all believe implicitly in The Eye!"

"You don't mean to tell me, Colás," I said, "that these people give each other away as gifts just like that! They must consider themselves something more than animals!"

So he sent the caretaker of the house to see what he could do with the child's mother. She wouldn't come and speak to us herself. She was afraid I'd give her The Eye too. But she was adamant. The child would wither and waste away before her eyes, and she couldn't stand the thought of watching such a horrible thing without being able to do anything about it. Fortunately, however, we were able to sneak out of the district without the child.

A Very Queer Bull

We returned to Villahermosa late Saturday night before my second appearance in the bull ring. The fight went off even better than my first one. Guimpty Badillo wanted me to appear more often than every other Sunday. And as much as I would have liked the idea and the money, I knew the crowd would tire of me if I overdid things by appearing too often. So I insisted on appearing only every other Sunday, as stipulated in our contract. Besides, I was in love with our trips into the interior.

It was late in October when we returned from a trip to find the whole region near Villahermosa in flood. A four-day cloudburst had swamped the area. . . . By the time we got into town it was very late.

Early Sunday morning I went with my *cuadrilla* to the bull ring to watch the drawing for the bulls we were to fight that afternoon. Luckily the ring was on high ground. But when I saw the bulls in the corral, one in particular looked queer. No one told me anything out of the ordinary had happened and I thought that the funny-looking bull was a runt. Although he was about half the size of the others, he had an enormous pair of horns. They went straight out to the side and turned up toward the front. But the spread of those horns was wider than I could reach with both arms. And somehow all those animals looked different from the ones we had fought before. I didn't have the experience, then, to know what the difference was. But I was soon to find out.

The runt fell to my lot in the drawing. As I was the second matador on the bill, which meant I would dispatch the second and fourth bulls, Guimpty begged me to leave the runt for last place. If I took him on in second place, the crowd might get out of hand. So to please him I let him have his way.

Elias Chavez, "El Arequipeño," had done rather well with the first and third bulls, and my first went off fine, without a hitch. The crowd was in great spirits. Then my second bull, the fourth of the afternoon, came into the arena with a terrific rush. That was the runt. Momentarily, when the mob saw how small he was and with such terrific horns, they were stunned. But as they watched the runt's vicious charges around the arena, they began to change their tune. And while my *banderilleros* hesitated to begin the preliminary cape work, some drunk jumped down from the stands and climbed into the ring before anyone could stop him.

The runt had stopped his wild charges and just stood in the center of the ring pawing the ground and snorting. And everyone seemed hypnotized as we watched that crazy drunk stagger toward the bull. He didn't hesitate or fall but just staggered at an even pace straight across the ring. When the drunk reached the bull, who seemed just as flabbergasted as the rest of us, he flipped his hand right in the bull's snoot as casually as only a drunk can, and kept right on staggering all the way across the ring. But the moment he started to climb the fence, the bull suddenly came to life and shot toward him as though fired from a cannon. The drunk barely managed to fall into the runway as the bull crashed against the fence.



The riot that exploded from the stands was fantastic. Someone started to yell something and pointed at the bull. At the same moment Guimpty begged me to get into action to check the riot. I had noticed something peculiar about that runt's sack. It seemed lumpy, and I was sure it was getting longer as he charged around the arena.

It reminded me of the Spanish Granadina goats at Xochitl. They had such long udders that to keep them from dragging on the ground or from getting bruised by the animals' legs while running, they were held up by supporters. And while the bull galloped around the ring his sack appeared to be flying behind him, swinging freely from side to side; and, weirdest of all, it seemed to he stretching.

But I couldn't take time off to figure out what was the matter. The way that crowd was acting, anything might happen. So I stepped right into the bull's oncoming charge without waiting for the *banderilleros* to do the preliminary passes and dropped to my knees. I passed the bull five times on my knees and finished off in a swirl, or serpentina. I remained kneeling for a while and then slowly got up and walked toward the horses that had moved into position.

We finished the horseplay in grand fashion. The crowd had accepted the situation philosophically and the *banderilleros* went about placing the darts. Two pairs had been placed when a *banderillero* tripped and missed his mark on the third pair. He was so surprised for the moment that he made a dash for the fence. He just barely got over it when the bull jumped over right after him. And the way the bull's hind legs went over that fence, I knew he would land upside down.

The *banderillero* hadn't expected the bull to follow over the fence right after him and had hesitated a moment to catch his breath. In that moment the bull landed right on top of him. Lucky for him, though, the bull was upside down. In the mad scramble to get the *banderillero* out of there before the bull could right himself, someone in the front row started screaming, and the riot started all over again. But this time it sounded ominous.

I didn't know what it was all about because I was on the other side of the arena waiting for the bull to come in again from behind the fence. And when he came in, with the riot mounting in fury all the time, what a sight!

I didn't know what to do. I looked again to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Those enormous horns, the ones I sensed were wrong all the time, were twisted in the most

(*turn over*)

grotesque manner. One was turned backward with the point toward his tail and the other was dangling loosely but held by wires. And when that crowd saw those wires, they really went to town!

There was nothing I could do now. The hundred soldiers on duty were absolutely impotent. They couldn't hope to cope with thirty-five hundred roaring madmen. And that's a funny thing about bullfight fans. They'll stand for almost anything. But they don't stand for a hoax. Nothing could hold them now. So they began, slowly at first and then gaining momentum, to tear up the seating planks of the stands. Before anyone could put a stop to it, they started to build bonfires. And once that wood caught fire, the whole ring burned furiously.

The only thing for us to do was to get out of there in a hurry. We didn't care to have that crowd take anything out on us. So without even stopping at the hotel to change clothing, we made a dash for Colás' paddle-wheeler, waiting for us just below the town.

Once on board and safely on our way, the *banderilleros* told me what had happened. It seems the flood had messed up the shipment of bulls scheduled to appear. It was impossible for them to get to Villahermosa in time. And rather than postpone the fight, which was completely sold out, Guimpty had substituted some ordinary meat steers from the slaughterhouse. All four were castrated steers and only had bone stumps from having been dehorned long ago.

True to form, Guimpty had ordered the sacks cut from the hides of common meat bulls that already had been slaughtered. He was lucky to get them the same color. Then he filled them with stones and sand and ordered them sewn to the sackless animals we had used. Picking horns out of the bone pile, he had had them attached with screws and piano wire to the bone stumps on the four animals' heads.

The hair around the horns was matted with mud and tar to cover up what had been done. And it had been done so well it couldn't be seen unless someone was really close. In the case of the runt, though, the fellow who did it must have been either an artist or endowed with a queer sense of humor. To make that runt appear older even though half the size of the others, Guimpty's man purposely selected the largest horns he could find. And, with the same reasoning, he also used the largest sack and filled it with bigger stones than the rest!

The Unsuspecting Guest

We paddle-wheeled down the Grijalva and then up the Usumacinta River in the direction of Guatemala. It took us two and a half days to get where we were going, stopping now and then to hunt. We went ashore at a place Colás called Paraiso or Paradise, on the border across from Guatemala. Word evidently had been sent ahead because the caretaker expected us and had rounded up some thirty-five horses for our use.

The ranch house was in the same style but twice as large as the ones on Colás' other haciendas. He had brought along saddles for everyone . . . and, after a lengthy preparation, we started into the jungle on horseback.

Pascacio, the caretaker, and several native boys went ahead, cutting a path with their machetes through dense tropical jungle. The weather never had been better. We didn't see much of the sun, though. The vegetation was so profuse and vines and moss hung so thickly that we could rarely see fifty feet ahead of us. The plumage of the birds was fantastic in variety and color. Huge flocks of parrots screeched and whistled everywhere. As we rode along we watched the bands of capering monkeys chase each other through the trees.

We waded through several swamp areas where the water was up to our horses' bellies, and came out in a small clearing with several footpaths leading from it. Colás held a short confab in Mayan dialect with Pascacio and then came over to me.

"This is as far as we go," he said. "It's forbidden territory and, even though it belongs to me, the tribe that lives near here won't permit outsiders to come in unless specifically invited."

We all started to suggest other places but Colás quieted us. "All the rest of you except Franklin had better turn back and wait for me at the hacienda. Franklin and I have to wait for someone who's coming out from the village to meet us. Pascacio and the native boys will show you the way back."

We got down off our horses to rest while we waited. How long? Colás didn't know. But every once in a while he vaguely hinted at something on his mind and then quite suddenly he came to the point.

"You've been seen in my company all through this region. Even though you never saw anyone, you were seen. And word reached me that the tribal chief in this sector wanted you to be the village guest for a week or so. He's been after me for some time now. That's why we



came to this particular place on this trip. I couldn't avoid the issue any longer."

"Why can't we all be the guests of the village? Why only us, you and me?" I said.

"No, Franklin, it isn't even you and me. It's just you. No one else. They idolize white skin all around here and your combination of white skin and red hair has caused a terrific commotion. The chief explicitly requested you and you alone. And in these parts a request from a chief is a command. As soon as the runner comes out to meet us, you go ahead with him and I'll go back with this boy to the ranch house. I won't say anything about this to the others unless you want me to."

When he saw that I was perplexed, he continued, "There's nothing to be afraid of. They'll treat you like a king and wait on you hand and foot. But there's one other thing. I don't know how you'll take it, but I believe they expect something of you."

"What could they want from me?" I asked.

"That's just it," he said. "Whatever takes place, just act like the man you are."

What he was trying to say suddenly hit me between the eyes. "Wait a minute, Colás," I said. "If you mean what I think you do, don't I have anything to say about it?"

"Look, Franklin," he said. "Don't be a child all your life! These people absolutely idolize your skin and your hair. They'll do anything they can to acquire some of it for themselves. No one could pay you a better compliment. You know yourself that Navarro is about as light as you are. Yet no one ever asked for him. You have no idea what this will mean to these people. If you don't spend a week with them I'll never be able to return to this sector as long as they're in it."



It wasn't long before the runner arrived. Colás assured me that he'd be back in this same place to pick me up so that we could get back to Villahermosa in time for my next bullfight. He tried to cheer me up, and joked as much as possible under the circumstances, but even though I tried, I couldn't see anything funny about the whole deal. We hesitantly wished each other good luck before starting in opposite directions.

The Naked Village

The native runner must have been in his early twenties. He was naked except for a necklace of iridescent feathers. He seemed a nice sort and took the reins to lead my horse. He never smiled or showed the slightest emotion other than awed respect.

All during the trek I never saw anyone. But as the afternoon shadows deepened, I began to feel I was being watched from all sides. As we progressed, the jungle seemed to close in on me.

Then I realized I was hungry. When I took some bananas from my saddlebag, the runner quickly indicated I shouldn't eat and pointed ahead into the wilderness. I figured he meant I would eat when I got where we were going. And while I was trying to figure out what to do, I became conscious of faint sounds. At times they were like voices and then again they were like low, thunderous rumbles. I couldn't make it out. And when I thought I'd lost the sounds altogether, we suddenly came out of the jungle and onto a plateau by a lake. And on the plateau was a native village.

There were about seventy bamboo and palm-thatch *jacals* spread over a fairly wide area. In the center was a large plaza and a little off to one side was one *jacal* larger than the rest. When we came out into the clear, no one was in sight and everything was quiet. It looked as though the whole place were deserted. Not even a dog was running loose. But as we approached the chief's *jacal* off the plaza, the natives poured out of everywhere. They kept a respectful distance and just stared at me in awed silence.

The chief and six older men greeted me and indicated I was to come inside his *jacal*. They were all naked except for their beautiful iridescent feather necklaces. The chief's necklace was double the width of the others and much more elaborate. There were a number of mahogany armchairs with seats and backs of woven grasses around a large table. They motioned me to a chair and surrounded me. They just stood around and fingered my hair, completely enthralled. Then, apparently satisfied, they led me to the lake. About twenty feet from the water's edge was a large *jacal* that looked as though it had just been made. When we went inside, they indicated that this was where I would stay during my visit.

We walked back to the chief's *jacal*. While we were away, the table had been set with large woven palm trays piled high with steaming leaf-wrapped parcels of food. The coverings were of banana, wild grape, and corn leaves. It was like a lottery, opening a wrapper and trying to guess if the parcel contained meat, fowl, fish, or fruit.

(*turn to page* 57)

my love in her attire

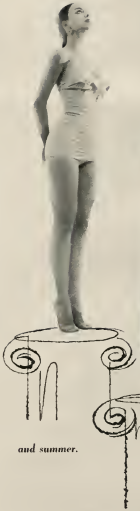
My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,



For winter,



spring



and summer.

No beauty she doth miss,
When all her robes are on:



But Beauty's self she is,
When all her robes are gone.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK



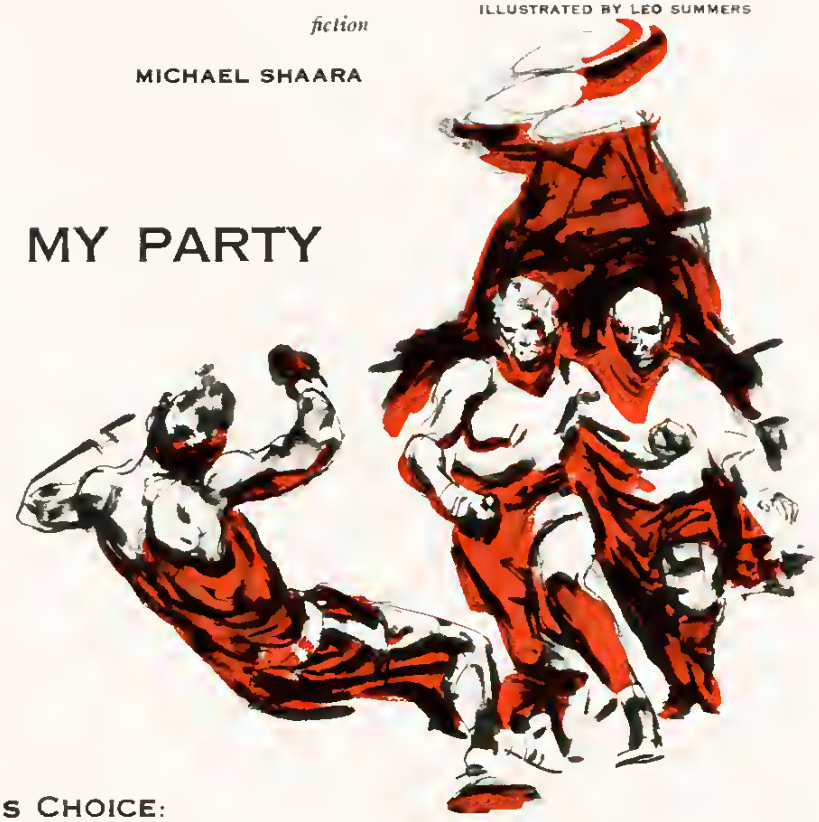
"He's a real blond, all right."

fiction

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO SUMMERS

MICHAEL SHAARA

COME TO MY PARTY



EDITOR'S CHOICE:

ONE OF THE HARDEST HITTING FIGHT STORIES OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS.

When the bell rang, Morgan did something he had not done in years. He knelt briefly in his corner and crossed himself. Then he went out to meet his man.

The night was different but his style was unchanged. He moved in crouching with his hands low, ready to hook. The colored boy chopped him twice with the left and backed away, but Morgan caught him once with the hook, hard, just under the heart, and the colored boy grunted and went away. He was very fast. He came back from the side with a low right and put the left in Morgan's eyes.

Morgan went after him with the hook and missed, spinning himself halfway around and off balance, and the colored boy hit him in the kidneys. Morgan did not feel it. The boy couldn't hit. But he was very fast. Morgan went in again, hooking for the body. He would have to slow this one down before shooting for the head. He missed again and the colored boy caught him a good one on the ear. Morgan nodded and shuffled on in. The colored boy backed away, keeping the left in Morgan's eyes.

There was a big crowd and it was very noisy in the Garden but Morgan did not hear it. He was conscious only of the colored boy and of the mortal need to hit him. He went forward half-lunging, hooking for the body. He was hit once over the left eye. The colored boy backed off and made faces at him. They were terrible warning faces but Morgan did not hear the crowd laugh. He was dimly aware of a deep feeling of contempt. They called this one Cyclone Billy Jones. A television fighter. A clown.

Morgan went in viciously with the overhand right. It landed on the boy's neck. The boy came inside, butting and clinching. Morgan was waiting and dug him with the hook over the heart and the boy tore loose and went away. But at a distance he was grinning and saying something.

"You comin' to mah party?" he said.

Morgan put the left low and went after him. Cyclone Billy Jones danced away.

"Vict'ry party. You comin' to mah party?"

He changed step suddenly and caught Morgan coming in. The punch exploded in white light on Morgan's nose. He hooked blindly at nothing. He was hit several times around the eyes. He heard the colored boy say: "Mah place, jus' after the fight. You comin', Mistuh Morgan?"

He looks better than I expected, Laura thought. You can see he's all right. But after what Shipp did to him last month it's incredible to see him even walking. Still, he's undoubtedly all right. His eyes are clear. And look

(*turn over*)

at him go in. Always forward. Always being hit. Excelsior. Onward and upward with Smoky Joe Morgan. But at least he's all right.

She sat deep in her chair, white-faced and small and looking cold, her face half buried in the soft fur of her coat. She was very confused. She was relieved to see him all right and at the same time annoyed with herself for being relieved, and she was amazed to see him looking exactly the same. The beating Shipp had given him had been one of the most brutal she'd ever seen, but it had made no change in him. He had not let it make a change. My God, she thought, thinking suddenly of the future, what will happen to him . . .

She stopped thinking and crouched in her chair. The colored boy danced above her and Joe Morgan came rushing forward and missed and fell into the ropes. She saw his face very close and felt his sweat fall on her. She flinched. The face hung above her, black-bearded and murderous, white teeth sharp in the dark jaws, the eyes black gleaming slits and the black hair wet and streaked across the pale forehead. He did not see her. The colored boy hit him from behind and there was screaming around her and Joe Morgan spun away. She sat up in her seat. The man with her patted her on the arm. She looked up and saw that he understood and smiled back nervously and put her hand on his.

"Do you want to go?" he said.

"No."

"We have better things to do," he said. He smiled.

She looked at him.

"Possibly," she said.

He nodded cheerfully and turned back to the fight. Laura's heart was still beating wildly. She looked up at Joe Morgan and shivered. In that second when he had come toward her, had hung raging above her with that awful murdering face, she had felt as if he was coming to get her. In that one horrible moment she still belonged to him and the rage was for her and he was coming after her. She took hold of herself. She said to herself that she ought not to have sat so close. You will never be able to let him come toward you, she thought, without flinching. She watched Morgan until the round ended. She had been married to him for four years but except for the fight with Shipp she had not seen him since the divorce six months ago.

"Well," Warren said cheerfully, "he's over the hill. No question about it."

Laura looked up at him. Handsome. A delicate face, fragile almost, but very handsome. We have better things to do. Perhaps.

"He looks fairly healthy," Laura said.

"Oh he's still very strong. They don't lose that. But the legs are gone. He can't catch him. Washed up at his age. Tough racket." He looked thoughtfully out at Morgan, who sat quietly rocklike in his corner with his manager bending over him. "Must have had over a hundred fights," Warren said. "How many times was he knocked out?"

"Twice."

"Shipp once. Who did the other?"

"Robinson."

"Ah yes. But that was only a TKO. He was still on his feet."

"You should have seen him," Laura said.

"Yes, but you know the kind of knockout I mean. He's got to go down. I mean really down. Like Shipp did to him last month. *There* was a knockout. Amazing he took it so long. Very tough lad, Morgan. Always did like him. And only two knockouts. Remarkable, considering his style. He must take one hell of a punch."

"Quite often," Laura said.

Warren chuckled.

"True, true. But he's still healthy." He paused and lighted a cigarette. He thought about asking her jocularly if she was worried, but the round began and he decided to drop it. There was still too much sympathy in her for Morgan and he thought the wisest thing from here on in would be to say nothing. Never knock a competitor. But watching her now, the wide soft eyes gazing anxiously at Morgan, he felt deeply irritated. Dammit, he thought, Morgan has the advantage, regardless of what the *real* facts are. A fighter on the way down. To a woman like Laura that would be very touching. Well, all right, it was a tough business, but after all you have to grow up sometime. Many a good fighter has gone through it and come out all right. There was Mickey Walker being knocked out by some bum in Yakima, and he got up from that and took up painting and never fought again. And then there was Ad Wolgast knocked punchy by Joe Rivers, still training for the rematch twenty years after Rivers was dead. Morgan might go that way. Looking at Morgan tonight, you wondered how far he would really go. Because in his day that son of a gun could fight. Really brawl. It was his bad luck to come along while Robinson was champ, old Sugar, one of the two or three best in the last fifty years—well the hell with that. Luckily Morgan was not punchy yet and this joker Jones couldn't hurt him, so sympathy would be held to a minimum. But in the future he ought to keep Laura away from fights. Any fights.

He reached down and took her hand.

"Listen baby," he said softly, "where do you want to go when this is over?"

But she was not listening to him. She was watching Morgan chase the dancing, laughing colored boy around the ring.

"Why doesn't he come in and *fight*," she said angrily, "all that bouncing is silly."

Warren frowned.

"If he came in and fought, honey pie, he'd get his ears blown off."

"Cyclone Billy Jones," Laura said scornfully. "He's a television fighter."

"But my dear," Warren grinned, "so, in his way, is Morgan."

"Jeez," Gerdy said unhappily, "he was wide open."

"I couldn't get to him," Morgan said.

"Well look, you see what he's doin'? He's got a move he makes ev'ry time he comes in. He hits you then he moves away from your right. Sideways. You see? What you do is wait for him, then left hook him as he goes sideways—"

"I saw it," Morgan said.

"Well jeez–"

"What you think I been tryin' to do?"

"Oh," Gerdy said. "Okay." Holy Christ, he thought, to be beat by a clown like this. Six months ago we'd've creamed him.

He glanced unhappily across the ring to where Vito Parilli, the Cyclone's flashily dressed manager, stood watching Morgan with sad, cold eyes. Gerdy thought enviously of all the money Parilli would make with this Cyclone character. Jeez, he thought, that's always the way. Them as has, gets.

"I'll get him," Morgan said. He was tapping his gloves together nervously.

"Well for crissakes duck a little. He's pilin' up points."

"He can't hurt me. He couldn't hurt your mother."

"But all them points. You got to watch it."

"If he holds still. What round is it?"

"Five. Hey. You wife's here."

Morgan stopped tapping his gloves together. He did not turn his head.

"Ex-wife."

"So okay," Gerdy said. "Thought you'd like to know."

"The hell with her," Morgan said.

"Okay, okay," Gerdy said.

The bell rang. Morgan rose and set himself and moved out to the center of the ring and the colored boy hit him three times with the jab and moved away. You son of a bitch, Morgan thought, come in and fight. This is a *fight*. This is you and me. Come in, you son of a bitch, and I'll kill you. Come in. Come in.

And the colored boy came in and hit him and went away again and Morgan missed wildly. He swore at himself. The opening was there and he had seen it but he was too late. There were openings all over the place. it was unbelievable how many things the kid did wrong, but Morgan could not hit him. It was goading him. He was beginning to swing desperately. The kid danced in front of him grinning broadly, talking the whole while as he had been talking all during the fight. Morgan did not hear him. He held his left hand down by his hip, ready to hook, and the right hand high, tight, shaky, and the kid came in and hit him.

And went away too slow.

It was the fifth round. The kid was 24 years old but he had been dancing and moving throughout the fight and Morgan had hit him three or four times in the belly. So that although he did not show it he was a shade slower,

(turn over)





just a hair, which was just slow enough, so that when he moved sideways this time Morgan brought up the left and hung him with it, caught him clearly and beautifully, and felt the punch hit and explode and go through, and the kid's head twisted and he went down.

Morgan came alive. He went back to his corner and waited for the kid to get up. He was sure the kid would get up and what worried him was that it was late in the round and there might not be enough time. But if he could go in now he could take him finally and for good with both hands, now finally, the right, too, to finish it. If there was time. He waited. He saw the kid coming up shakily, the eyes still glazed, and when the glove left the canvas he rushed forward to end it. But the referee got in his way and held him and the kid was sitting down, and he realized that while the kid was on the floor the round had ended.

He went to his corner and sat down. Gerdy worked over him excitedly but he did not hear him or the screaming crowd. He was thinking that if he was lucky the kid would still be dazed in the next round and he would get him then for sure. A little luck, he thought, a little luck. I got him then, dammit, but it had to be at the end of the round. And he had to go down with it. If he had stayed up there was still time to get in and really hurt him, but he had to go down. Well let him run now. I'll get him now. He knows it.

From the back of his mind a thought came suddenly, a picture of her. *She* saw that too. She's here. He started to turn to look for her but the bell rang.

He forgot her and went out for the colored boy. But the Cyclone was already up and dancing away. And his eyes were clear and there was nothing shaky about him, and he put the left in Morgan's face and said grinning:

"You worry me, man, you worry me. But you come to mah party *anyhow*."

From there on it was down hill. The colored boy never came close again. He stayed outside and kept hitting at the eyes and there was nothing Morgan could do. His left eye was closed and he had lost every round but one. The Cyclone couldn't put him down and it was brutal. But the crowd loved it. The Cyclone was putting on a real show. He was bobbing up and down and making frightening faces and talking loud enough for the ringsiders to hear. He would draw back his right and fake with it dangerously, warningly, and then pop Morgan delicately with the left. Several times he changed styles, fighting Morgan left handed. Once he put his right behind his back. And Morgan took it and came on, still hoping, pawing clumsily with the left, hooking to the body, half blinded and leg weary, but still charging his man. Because the night was still different.

It went on that way through the last round. Had Morgan begun to bleed the referee would have stopped it, but Morgan did not cut easily and he had never once been dazed, so there was no reason to stop it and besides it was a good show. Late in the last round, Morgan's legs began to give out from under him and he could not charge any more. He stopped several times and beckoned the colored boy to come in and fight and the colored boy buzzed in once delicately and flitted away again. Once

the colored boy took a close look at Morgan and then set his feet solidly as if he was really going to punch this time, but Morgan came at him with joy in his good eye and the colored boy changed his mind and went away again. He was still going away when the fight ended.

Morgan went back to his corner. He did not think anything, feel anything. He heard the decision, saw the colored boy laughing into the television cameras, describing the terrible things he would do to the champ. Morgan's right arm began to twitch. Gerdy caught him by the arm and tried to move him. He did not move. The radio man was coming at him with the mike but looked at his face thoughtfully and said something into the mike and went away. Morgan looked out over the crowd and faces looked back at him. He looked down into the faces and they were grinning at him. But there was one face suddenly very soft and beautiful and strangely twisted, large lovely eyes gazing at him filled with pity. It took him a moment to recognize Laura. She turned from him quickly and went up the aisle in the crowd. There was a tall, blonde man at her side. Morgan felt sick all the way down, cold in the belly. This time when Gerdy pulled him he moved, went through the ropes and down the aisle. He began to remember that the night was different, the night was different.

In the dressing room he sat on the table and Gerdy stood across the room from him and watched him warily. Gerdy itched to get out. He had many things to do and many people to see, and there was nothing left here but trouble. He had seen Morgan lose before and he had never taken it well, but there had never been anything like tonight, not even that time with Shipp, because even a knockout would be better than this, and looking at Morgan he thought gloomily, I better get out of here. They none of them ever lose a fight. Either he caught me a lucky one or I was sick that night or I just couldn't seem to get started, it must be my trainer or something like that. But Morgan now did not say anything, he just sat on the table with the robe half fallen from his shoulders, staring down at the gloves out of puffed eyes, so Gerdy, very cautiously, said:

"The crum. The lousy crum. He dint fight no fight. He run all the way, Joe. You call that a fight? Get a guy in a bar, in a real fight, he runs away then, does he win it? Jesus! What they gettin' nowadays. Now listen, Joe, don't you worry about it, we get another crack at him."

He waited anxiously for Morgan to say something about that because both of them knew there would be no other fight with Cyclone Billy Jones. Vito Parilli had a boy on the way up, he would not take a chance on having his boy get caught with that left hook again. But Morgan did not say anything.

"Listen, Joe, you gonna get dressed? You catch your death."

"You in a hurry?" Morgan said.

"No, Joe, honest. But you better—"

"If you're in a hurry get out."

"Well Jeez, Joe," Gerdy drew himself up huffily, "if you feel that way—"

He was interrupted by a rap on the door. Grateful for the release, he opened it. He saw a small frail man named Sickhead Dugan, one of the Cyclone's handlers. The small man was nervous and remained outside the room.

"Hiya, Gerdy," he said quickly, "lissen, Gerdy, I don't want no trouble on'y Cyclone he said I should come. He sent me, it wasn't my idea."

"What idea?"

"Well, see, Cyclone," the small man backed away, "he wants I should invite, you should invite Joe t'his vict'ry party. See ya."

He went quickly away.

"I'll tell him you called," Gerdy yelled after him indignantly, "ya lousy—" He turned and peered cautiously at Morgan, keeping the door open. Gerdy was not sure if he had heard. Jeez, he thought distastefully, I hope he ain't hurt.

"Well listen, Joe, I got to run. You sure you don't need me."

Morgan did not look up and did not say anything.

"Well, okay. You take care a that eye. I'll see you."

Gerdy waited jumpily for Morgan to say something.

(turn over)



After a moment he shrugged virtuously, having done his duty, and left, closing the door behind him.

Morgan was alone.

He was completely alone. He stared at the room, at the dirty tile floor, the chipped gray lockers. There was noise in the corridor outside and he sat for a long time listening to it and waiting dumbly for the feeling inside him to go away. But it did not go away, it was in his belly running hot and cold like the slow bleeding of a hemorrhage. He tried to think his way out of it but the thinking led nowhere, it led into tomorrow which was nowhere, wide and gray and nowhere, and then it turned and came back to her and her face, the beauty of the face and the pity in the eyes. The pity more than anything. Her pitying him beaten—only that was not it, he was *not* beaten, not even close to beaten, this one tonight had danced all around him, but it had not been a fight, not a real fight, and he felt strong and ready still, his arms tensed and thick, packed with the unexploded, unexpended readiness, still waiting for the *fight*—the man to man, the way it should have been strictly between you and me and the way it used to be back in the old days without the rules and the referees, back there when you fought for real for a dirty piece of bread, no rules then and no referees, and without the rules on his side . . . I would have killed him. . . .

Well now, he thought suddenly, don't blame the rules. This is no time to start complaining about the rules. They said all along and you said it too that a man should face it and never lie about it, if he's licked he should admit it and let it go and not make alibis. . . .

But *she* saw it. All that dancing and laughing and me swinging like a gate. Probably never see me again and so to remember me that way, a clown, me a clown too as well as him . . . but all right all right forget about *that*. If you keep thinking about that . . . but oh the clown, the lousy clown, there was no need for the laughing too . . .

He pushed his gloves together hard and held them that way for a moment. They were new and glistening, almost unused. It was now very quiet outside and he could hear pails and mops in the halls, and the sweat had dried on him and he felt cold. But even now in the stillness he could not believe that it was over; he flexed his arms feeling the strength still there and looked dazedly around the room.

There had to be something left, something more to do. He could not quit with this still in his arms, the cold bleeding still in his belly. He looked ahead clearly and saw the way it was. Something had to be done to stop the bleeding, he did not know what, but it had to be done. A man could end decently if they gave him any kind of chance at all, and he still had a chance, somewhere a chance, because he was not beaten, not really beaten, and no matter about the rules and the woman and all of the rest, a man should never quit until he is really beaten . . .

His arm was twitching again. He rose and patted cold water on his eye and began to dress. He was halfway through dressing when he realized what it was he had left to do.

He had been invited to a party.

He could hear the party from a long way off. He came slowly down the hallway and stopped outside the door. In the streets it had been raining heavily and he was wet. He took his hands out of his pockets and wiped his face. Now, for the first time in his life before going to a fight, he stopped and made a plan.

He had first of all to get near the kid, just get near him. He knew that there were many people there and also many of Parilli's hoods, and even if they let him in he saw almost no chance of them letting him get close. Not on a bet. But maybe if he was calm and quiet and did not show anything. Maybe if he acted groggy and asked for

(*turn to page* 62)





"Chicken!"



There was a young lass
named Jayne
To whom wallpapering
became a pain.



She studied the subject from every side
And came up with an angle she hadn't tried







This creative young thing began to snip
In shapes Oriental in splendor



To try it on for size she began to strip,





Et voila!

A wallpaper bender! ►

PHOTOGRAPHY—BILL HUGHES

OUR GAL—JAYNE HACKLIN
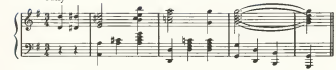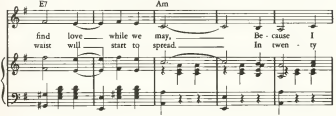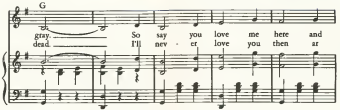




When You Are Old and Gray

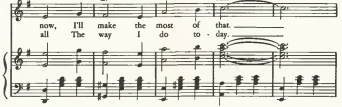
Words and Music by
TOM LEHRER
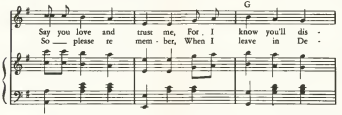
Gaily
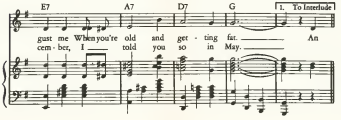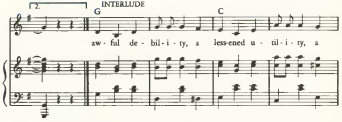




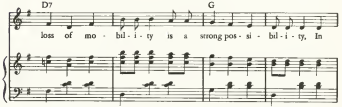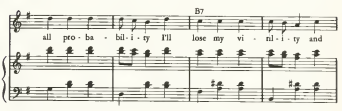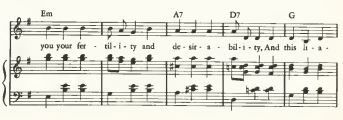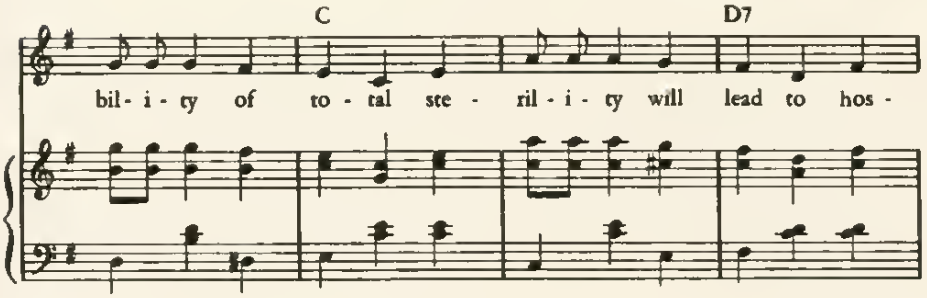














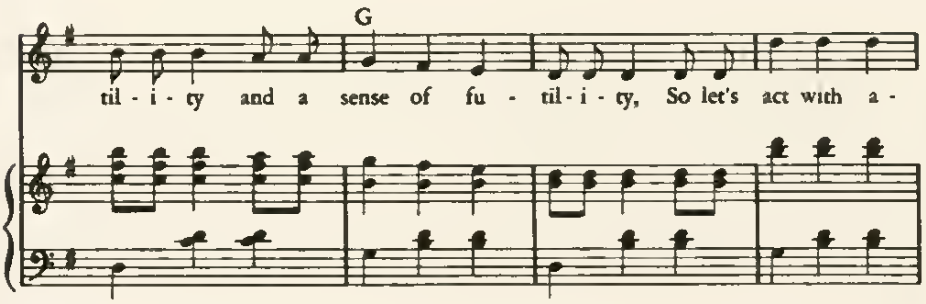


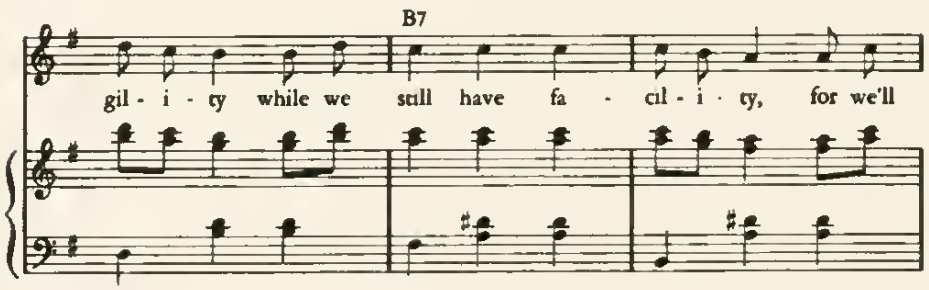
ILLUSTRATED BY JIM DAVIS

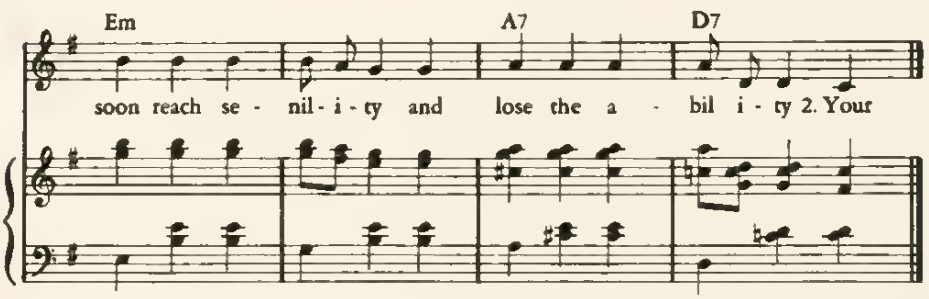


Try this on your piano—the first appearance in any magazine of one of the inimitable Tom Lehrer's best, and, in his own words, most revolting songs Lehrer, recently inducted into the armed forces (kicking and screaming), is now singing (under his breath) for Uncle Sam. A research mathematician in civil life, he has taught at Harvard. This ballad, from The Tom Lehrer Song Book, *is reprinted through the courtesy of Crown Publishers, New York*













fiction

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY GUYTHER

THE FIELD OF BLUE CHILDREN

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

That final spring at the state university a restlessness came over Myra which she could not understand. It was not merely the restlessness of superabundant youth. There was something a little neurotic about it. Nothing that she did seemed quite satisfying or complete. Even when she returned from a late formal dance, where she had swung from partner to partner the whole evening through, she did not feel quite ready to tumble exhausted into bed. She felt as though there must be something still further to give the night its perfect fullness. Sometimes she had the almost panicky sensation of having lost or forgotten something very important. She would stand quite still for a moment with tightened forehead, trying to remember just what it was that had slipped from her fingers—been left behind in the rumble seat of Kirk's roommate's roadster or on the sofa in the dimly-lighted fraternity lounge between dances.

"What's the matter?" Kirk or somebody else would ask and she would laugh rather sharply.

"Nothing. I just feel like I'd forgotten something!"

The feeling persisted even when every article was accounted for. She still felt as though something were missing. When she had returned to the sorority house she went from room to room, exchanging anecdotes of the evening, laughing at them far more than their humor warranted. And when finally everyone else had gone to bed, she stayed up alone in her room and sometimes she cried bitterly without knowing why, crushing the pillow against her mouth so that no one could hear—or else she sat in pajamas on the window seat and looked out across the small university town with all its buildings and trees and open fields a beautiful dusky blue in the spring night, the dome of the administration building like a snowy peak in the distance and the stars astonishingly large and close —she felt as though she would strangle with an emotion whose exact nature or meaning she could not understand.

When half-drunken groups of serenaders, also restless after late dances, paused beneath her house, she turned on the bed lamp and leaned above them, patting her hands together in a pantomime of delighted applause. When they left, she remained at the window, looking out with the light extinguished, and it was sad, unbearably sad, to hear their hoarse voices retreating down moon-splashed avenues of trees till they could not be heard any longer or else were drowned in the noise of a starting motor whose raucous gravel-kicking departure ebbed quickly to a soft, musical hum and was succeeded at

(turn over)

length by the night's complete blue silence.

Still seated at the window, she waited with tight throat for the sobbing to commence. When it did, she felt better. When it did not, her vigil would sometimes continue till morning began and the restless aching had worn itself out.

That spring she took Kirk Abbott's fraternity pin. But this did not radically change her manner of living. She continued to accept dates with other men. She went out almost wherever she was asked with almost whoever asked her, and when Kirk protested she didn't try to explain the fever that made her behave in this way, she simply kissed him until he stopped talking and was in a mood to forgive her for almost anything that she might conceivably do.

From the beginning of adolescence, perhaps earlier, Myra had written a little verse. But this spring it became a regular practice. Whenever the rising well of unexplainable emotion became so full that its hurt was intolerable, she found that it helped her a little to scribble things down on paper. Single lines or couplets, sometimes whole stanzas, leapt into her mind with the instant completeness of slides flashed on the screen of a magic lantern. Their beauty startled her; sometimes it was like a moment of religious exaltation. She stood in a frozen attitude; her breath was released in a sigh. Each time she felt as though she were about to penetrate some new area of human thought. She had the sensation of standing upon the verge of a shadowy vastness which might momentarily flower into the marvelous crystal of light, like a ballroom that is dark one moment and is the next moment illuminated by the sunlike brilliance of a hundred glass chandeliers and reflecting mirrors and polished floors. At such times she would turn out the light in her bedroom and go quickly to the window. When she looked out across the purple-dark town and the snowy white dome above the quadrangle, or when she sat as in a spell, listening to the voices that floated down the quiet streets, singers of blues-songs or laughing couples in roadsters, the beauty of it no longer tormented her, she felt instead a mysterious quietness as though some disturbing question had been answered and life had accordingly become a much simpler and more pleasurable experience.

"Words are a net to catch beauty!"

She wrote this in the back of a notebook toward the close of a lecture on the taxing powers of Congress. It was late in April when she wrote this—and from then on it seemed that she understood what she wanted and the hurt bewilderment in her grew less acute.

In the Poetry Club to which Myra belonged there was a boy named Homer Stallcup who had been in love with her for a year or more. She could tell this by the way that he looked at her during the club sessions, which were the only occasions on which they met. Homer never looked directly at her, his eyes slid quickly across her face, but something about his expression, even about the tense pose of his body as he sat gripping his knees, made her feel his awareness of her. He avoided sitting next to her or even directly across from her—the chairs were usually arranged in a circle—and because of this she had at first thought that he must dislike her, but she had come gradually to understand that his shyness toward her had an exactly opposite meaning.

Homer was not a fraternity member. He waited on tables at a campus restaurant, fired furnaces and did chores for his room and board. Nobody in Myra's social *milieu* knew him or paid him any attention. He was rather short, stocky and dark. Myra thought him good-looking, but certainly not in any usual way. He had intense black eyes, a straight nose with flaring nostrils, full, mobile lips that sometimes jerked nervously at the corners. All of his movements were overcharged. When he rose from a chair he would nearly upset it. When he lighted a cigarette his face would twist into a terrible scowl and he would fling the burnt match away like a lighted firecracker.

He went around a great deal with a girl of his own intellectual type, a girl named Hertha something or other, who was rather widely known on the campus because of her odd behavior. In classes she would be carried away by enthusiasm upon some subject, either literary or political, and she would talk so rapidly that nobody could understand what she was saying and she would splutter and gasp and make awkward gestures—as though she were trying to pluck some invisible object out of the air—till the room was in an uproar of amusement and the instructor had to turn his face to the blackboard to conceal his own laughter.

Hertha and this boy, Homer, made a queer picture together, she nearly a foot taller, often rushing along a foot or more in advance of him, clutching him by the coat sleeve as though afraid that he might escape from her, and every minute or so one or both of them bursting into violent laughter that could be heard for a block.

Homer wrote poetry of a difficult sort. It was uneven. Parts of it were reminiscent of Hart Crane, parts were almost as naively lucid as Sara Teasdale's. But there were lines and phrases which stabbed at you with their poignant imaginery, their fresh observation. When he had given a reading at symposiums, Hertha would always leap out of her chair as though animated by an electric charge, her blinking, near-sighted eyes tensely sweeping the circle of superciliously smiling faces, first demanding, then begging that they concur in the extravagant praise which her moist lips babbled. Only Myra would say anything when Hertha had finished. The rest were too baffled or too indifferent or even too hostile. And Homer's face, darkly flushed, would be turned to his lap throughout the rest of the meeting. His fingers would fold down corners of the neat pages as though the poetry had been erased from them or had never been written on them, as though these pages were simply blank pieces of paper for his fingers to play with.

Myra always wanted to say something more, but her critical vocabulary was slight.

"I think that was lovely," she would say. Or "I liked that very much." And Homer would not lift his eyes, his face would turn even darker, and she would bite her tongue as though in remorse for an unkind speech. She wanted to put her hands over his fingers, to make them stop crumpling the neat pages, to make them be still.

It was not till the last meeting of the year, in early

(*turn to page* 66)



Laughter of Bacchus

MOOD AND THE MEMORY

Anthony Guyther is a serious young man with a flair for crazy, mixed-up photographs. Utilizing his sharp eye for the unusual, an agile pair of scissors, and a little bit of darkroom magic, he produces powerfully moving compositions which reflect his preoccupation with man's inner world of dream and memory.

This folio consists of some of his latest attempts at photographic "cut-ups." Most of the background scenes are drawn from the multi-faceted world of New York—"The Isle of Sappho" is the weather observatory in Central Park, "Fallen Facade" is set against a view of demolition work on the Lower East Side, and the bright lights of Times Square spell out, "Night Has A Thousand Eyes."

Quite different in mood is "Memories of Two Joannas," shot by Guyther in his Manhattan studio.

"Laughter of Bacchus" is a study in textures—a sensitive juxtaposition of wood, metal, fruit, and flesh. His work is the stuff of which dreams are made—visions of a private, unique world in which the shadow line between dream and reality dissolves, and every improbable longing becomes transmuted into living, shimmering reality. We are proud to present the works of this artist in the following pages



Night has a Thousand Eyes



In a Museum Garden



The Isle of Sappho



Memories of Two Joannas



Fallen Facade

COPYRIGHT, 1956, BY ERSKINE CALDWELL



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

A NEW ORIGINAL STORY BY

ERSKINE CALDWELL

One of the New Orleans women was big and husky—the other, young and slim. They were mother and daughter—and they had some pretty peculiar ideas . . .

BUD PERRY'S FIRST WIFE

Some people said Bud Perry was none too bright, and, taking into account the way he let some of his personal affairs get into such a tangle, and not to mention the money it cost him in the end, there was probably some truth to it, but, on the other hand, any man who had acquired as much valuable property as Bud had accumulated in the short span of twenty years, at the same time managing his holdings so profitably, was bound to be a man of not inconsiderable wisdom and judgment. Starting out in life with no more than a carpenter's tool box and a rattling pick-up truck when he was twenty-one years old, but working from dawn to dusk, and having unflagging zeal and determination, Bud Perry at the age of forty-four had built with his own hands and owned free and clear of mortgage twelve of the finest waterfront rental cottages along the Gulf Coast. Now he could sit back and collect rent from his tenants and live in a style none of the other year-round residents of Mingusville could afford. That, alone, no doubt made a lot of people envious of Bud and brought about much of the unflattering talk behind his back.

The talk about Bud Perry not being as smart as he should be started when Henrietta Shutters, together with her daughter Susie, came to Mingusville from New Orleans in early April and, after asking a lot of prying questions around town, said she wanted to rent one of Bud's houses on a six-month lease.

Less than half an hour after seeing Henrietta Shutters, and Susie, for the first time in his life, and still knowing nothing at all about Henrietta's financial ability to keep the rent paid up or suspecting that she had a scheme in the back of her mind, much less having any knowledge of the source of her livelihood, Bud not only readily agreed to buy an expensive blond-maple bedroom suite and a green plush carpet for the house and a bamboo bundle-bed to take the place of the straight-back settee on the front porch, but, furthermore, as if anxious to demonstrate just how reckless a man can become once he is under a woman's spell, he also told Henrietta and her daughter that it would be neither necessary for them to sign a lease nor to pay, as was customary, the last month's rent in advance. More than that, he told Henrietta and Susie to move into the house right away and not to bother about the first month's rent until it was convenient for them to pay it.

When some of the people heard about all of this, they shook their heads and said they had never before in their lives seen a man so helplessly befuddled by two New Orleans women who were probably no better than they should be.

The day after Henrietta and Susie had taken possession of the house and had finished moving the furniture around to their satisfaction, Bud Perry was seen putting up a new mail box on his property line. And then the following day he was back again, this time oiling the squeaky hinges on the gate at the rear of the house. Finally, on the third successive day, he was seen at the

(turn over)

house with a step-ladder and was apparently inspecting the putty in the window-sashes. That was the afternoon when some of the neighbors, after watching Bud look through all the windows of the house, saw Henrietta Shutters appear at the front door and beckon to Bud.

Grinning a little foolishly, Bud went as far as the front steps, but it was evident that he could not make up his mind to go any closer. Henrietta was a large, imposing woman, and several inches taller and many pounds heavier than Bud. She was about six feet in height and had short firm-fleshed arms and thick broad shoulders, and she looked even more muscular and bulging as she stood there in the doorway wearing a skimpy garment that appeared to be a knee-length nightgown.

From the neighbors' houses it was difficult to tell whether Bud was awed by Henrietta's husky appearance or whether he was embarrassed to see her so scantily clothed, but, whatever the reason for his behavior, he began shaking his head and backing away. Henrietta, annoyed, went to the front steps and urged him to come back, earnestly promising that he would not regret it if he did, but Bud, moving faster than usual, hurried with his stepladder to the pick-up truck and drove away without even once looking back. It was two whole days before Bud Perry was seen anywhere near the house again.

It was late in the afternoon when Bud knocked on the front door, and, it being warm for the time of the year, he had expected to find Henrietta and Susie sitting on the front porch and enjoying the Gulf breeze. As it was, they were somewhere inside the house, and it was several minutes before Henrietta came to the door.

He was surprised to see her wearing the same short-sleeve, knee-length nightgown she had on two days before and he stood there staring at her, not knowing what to say to a woman so informally dressed. Then suddenly she thrust her arm forward and grasped his hand in a tight, painful grip.

"It's Mr. Perry!" Henrietta said in her hoarsely deep voice as she gripped his hand tighter and tighter as though determined to keep him from leaving again. "It's so nice to see you, Mr. Perry. I've been hoping all day you'd stop in for a visit, and now here you are. It'll take me only a jiffy to slip on a dress, and I'll send Susie to entertain you while I'm getting ready. She knows just how men like to be entertained, and you'll be in good hands. Now, you just sit right down on the new bundle-bed and stretch yourself out. I want you to see for yourself just how much more comfortable it is to laze around on than that old stiff-back settee ever was. You'll be glad you invested your money in a new-fashioned bundle-bed."

Before Bud had a chance to say a word to her, Henrietta had left and was hurrying down the hall.

He crossed the porch and had just sat down on the soft cushions of the new bundle-bed when Susie came running through the doorway. She looked even more attractive than she did the first time he saw her and he was glad he had made up his mind to come back to the house that afternoon. A pleasant sensation began racing wildly through his mind and body as he stared at her youthful figure and gleaming brown hair. He had no idea how old Susie was, although he judged she was between eighteen and twenty, but, regardless of her age, he was becoming more and more aware of her womanly appeal and he was glad that she in no way resembled Henrietta. He knew it was a useless wish, but nevertheless he hoped that Henrietta would stay in the house and not come to the porch at all. By that time Susie had sat down beside him on the bundle-bed and was snuggling closer while stroking his arm with her fingers.

"Mama said for me to entertain you while she's getting dressed," Susie said, gazing at him with her large brown eyes. She moved even closer after that, drawing her legs under her skirt and pressing her knees against him. "I hope it takes her a long time—a real long time," she said slowly, "because I like being here just with you, Mr. Perry."

Bud glanced quickly at her. "You do?" he said.

She nodded time after time. "Don't you think it's nice for us to be alone together—just you and me?"

Instead of answering her, Bud turned around and looked uneasily in the direction of the doorway.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Perry," Susie said, lowering her voice intimately. "Did you come to call on Mama, or was it really me you came to call on? Please be honest with me, Mr. Perry."

"Well, now," Bud said, squirming nervously on the bundle-bed, "the truth is that I just stopped in to see if everything is all right. I thought maybe there was some little something about the house—"

"I just know you really came to see me, Mr. Perry," she was saying in the same intimate manner. "I don't know another single soul in Mingusville, and I haven't dated since we've been here, and I was getting awfully lonesome. Of course, Mama is awfully lonesome, too, because she hasn't dated either, but, after all, a girl my age has to look out for herself." She suddenly put her arms around Bud and hugged him tightly. "Do you know what I was going to do if you hadn't come to date me when you did?" she whispered.

"What?" he asked, wondering.

"I was coming to your house to date you—that's what."

"You mean—to see me—by yourself?"

"Of course, Mr. Perry. I believe that when two people are really fond of each other—"

Susie paused, and in the silence Bud once more glanced quickly in the direction of the doorway. It had become dark by then and he was unable to see if Henrietta had come back to the porch.

"Look here, Susie," he said excitedly. "I want to know something right away. Will you—would you want to get married—to me?"

"Mr. Perry!" she said, whispering his name softly.

Putting his arms around her, Bud began kissing her face and lips.

He had no idea how long they had been in each other's arms when he heard Henrietta Shutters' hoarsely deep voice. Looking up, he could see the dim outline of Henrietta's towering figure beside the bundle-bed.

"Susie," he heard Henrietta say, "I'm going to entertain Mr. Perry now."

(*turn to page* 68)



MAN TOWARDS THE STARS

One af Eurape's mast celebrated artistic treasures
is the Vigeland Sculpture Park in Osla, Narway—
a garden af 75 acres devated ta the statues
af Gustav Adalf Vigeland (1869-1943).

It was Vigeland's intentian that the Park
cantain sculptures depicting the entire life cycle
af mankind—birth, grawth, lave, family,
and death. And he wanted his art ta be universal,
ta be far the peaple, rather than far museums
ar wealthy callectors. Thanks ta the peaple af Osla,
wha gave him the Park far his lifewark,
his wish came true.

Vigeland's statues are the stuff af life itself—
raw primal energy captured imperishably in stane.
Such a calassal artistic effart
is the culminating paint af the sculptar's art.
In it we see bath the finite man
and his infinite langings—
the man af the earth, struggling tawards the stars.





Courtesy of Norwegian National Travel Office





Photographs by George G. Twambly





True to life in every detail, the Vigeland obelisk captures the fullness of life in all its many flavors. (See detailed views, above.)

Vigelond's stormy Norwegian genius
is nowhere as well reflected as in his
piercing studies of men and women—
intensely human in their striving,
their fighting, and their loving.
Nothing escapes the sculptor's eye—
the tensed, rippling muscles
of a man's chest,
the soft, yielding thighs
of a young girl in love,
the desperate and unfulfillable
hungers of the old, the lonely,
and the ill. Yet even there,
there is joy—the joy felt only
by those who have opened themselves
to the currents of life.
It is the elation of all men and women
who are not afraid—who,
like Vigelond, struggle to the heights
and drink fearlessly, fully,
of all the world offers.





fiction



the last word was the cat's

R. C. MURPHY

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO SUMMERS

At the approach of midnight, Lady Agatha Maunsell still basked in front of the softly sputtering cannel coal on the hearth of her chamber. In her lap a Maltese cat, neither asleep nor yet quite awake, purred rhythmically. The big house above the shore of Lough Ree was otherwise completely silent, for the servants had long since retired and Lady Maunsell's mind had been lost in reveries of the flesh.

It had been a gay life and a wanton one, she mused, even though now past. Seduced at seventeen, and with what enthusiastic willingness! A bride at twenty, a widow soon after, and the mistress of the moment of many men—but always of her own choosing. Of regret, there was naught but the ending of it. No, she recollected, there were a few matters that might have been guided more aright. And three ancient incidents welled up in her memory.

First, in the nearly forgotten past, she had once heard and seen the knob of her bedroom door turn, knowing that the husband of a girlhood friend was on the other side. And, with unforgivable weakness, she had not unbolted the door.

Then there was the engagingly boyish cleric, who could scarcely strangle the longing in his eyes. With him she had chatted alone for an hour in the manse of The O'Donnell, at Tyrconnel, on a week end of salmon-fishing. She could have had him for the taking but, in the extravagant heedlessness of youth, she had allowed him to slip through her fingers.

Third, and of bitterer memory, was the abortive affair with a Viennese cavalry officer, while in Dublin for the Horse Show. She had blithely invited him to seek that night for a rosebud in a keyhole. But some unconscionably late guest had spied the blossom in the dim hallway and had transferred it to another door. A hubhub and scandal ensued in the dead of night. Her horseman was gone from Dublin before breakfast and she never saw him more.

She had been beautiful and infinitely desirable then. Now she was old and white and wrinkled and sagging, but still untamed, still rebellious.

Lady Maunsell spoke the first words of a lonely evening. As the clock below began its strike of twelve, she sighed through the few teeth in her gums and whispered. "For a single hour as it once was, I'd give all that's here and all that's promised!"

Then suddenly it seemed that she must have dozed, for in the glow from the fire and within arm's reach of her chair stood a mite of a man with an owl's quill in his cap. It was natural enough to find him there, and why not? Unlike most of her kin, she had never before set eyes upon one of the Good Folk, but all her life she had known of their presence and their pranks and had often heard, behind walls and hedgerows, their whistled signals and gabble of conversation. So the old crone held her peace and the Maltese cat purred on.

The little man raised mischievous eyes. "Milady," he began, "ourselves be bursting with sympathy over the plaint ye've uttered. Not one wish, but three, ye may claim this very midnight. Mind that ye give them sober thought and judgment, for the fulfillment must be within the space of a single hour this—"

"I need none o' your cautions," interrupted the old lady. " 'Tis many a year and a day I've known what I want." ("And foolproof it is, too," she added grimly, but only to herself.) For well she knew the guile and trickery of the Good People, but also that they have no power to read thoughts unspoken.

"Now, Your Honor," she continued aloud, "I will forthwith be at the loveliest and lustiest age of my mortal life. Second, I'll be clad in the best bewitching negligee that Ireland—no, Europe—can provide. And third, this cat shall become a fine figure of a man in the flower of his strength."

This time there was no doubt that Lady Maunsell had been overcome by slumber. Her eyes snapped open to the nostalgic tingling of a youthful body. In an adjacent chair sat a tall, handsome lad, long and strong of limb, and clothed in the fashion of a half century earlier. He was still in thrall to his transformation, neither asleep nor yet quite awake, but her keen young ears could hear his rhythmic breathing.

Lady Maunsell turned toward the pier glass and descried in the obscurity a glint of coppery hair and the smooth, proud pillar of her neck. She threw open her filmy robe and the sight of her breasts so delighted her eyes that for the instant she almost forgot the presence of a companion.

Then she whirled to face him. He was awake now, gazing at her fixedly, admiringly, but neither moving nor speaking. She thought that she detected in his barely perceptible smile a faint touch of mockery. No matter, she felt, as anticipation pulsed through her limbs. In a moment he would be wholly and fiercely absorbed in what she was burning to give and to take.

But still her feline lover made no stir, and the calm of his countenance nettled her.

"Pokey!" she half screamed, while her only garment began to slide from her shoulders, "we have just an *hour!*"

At this, speech finally came to the object of her ardor, albeit in an incongruously treble and childlike voice.

"Can Your Ladyship recall," he asked—"when I was a helpless kitten—what vast satisfaction you took in having me altered?"



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

fiction

JUSTINE MINER

STEEL GRIP

There are women like her in every town—driven by desperate urges they do not understand

She was just leaving Martin's Tobacco Shop as Mark entered, and the warmth of the girl hit him even before he actually saw her. They collided in the doorway. He lifted an arm defensively and her breast was cupped in his palm. The breast was not protected by a bra and the nipple rose like a live thing against his hand. He heard the quick intake of her breath.

Then it was over. He edged around her and mumbled an apology while a hot flush burned his face. He walked to the counter, making a point of not looking at her as he bought his cigarettes. The sudden contact had raised an old hunger in him and he turned, sure that she would be gone.

As he went through the door she turned suddenly back with an elfin smile. "Darn! Did you ever forget something—know you're forgetting something and not be able to remember what it was?"

Mark smiled, noting that the nipples of her round young breasts now stood hard against her white silk blouse. "Cigarettes are my weakness," he said. "Forgetting them, I mean. Maybe—"

She laughed with an odd catching note. "No. I have a weakness, but that's not it."

Her face was close to his and he could see the fine pores of her tanned skin. There was a long, motionless moment while they stood thus—and during which Mark automatically noted details. A perfect oval face. Exceptionally large violet eyes. A perfectly sculptured mouth and flawless tanned skin. Without conscious direction, his eyes went down the front of her, below the silk blouse to where a light tweed skirt outlined her flat abdomen. As he stared, she placed a hand on her thigh, low down, and drew it slowly upward.

And the odor! Which was not an odor at all, really, but the indefinable reaching of the elemental female aura toward a male—a mystic essence as old as time.

The girl stood tapping her teeth, apparently perturbed, annoyed with herself. Then there came about an electrifying change. Her casual annoyance was ripped away like a mask. Without the movement of a muscle, it vanished and in its place was a look so stark and desperate that it shook Mark to his heels.

The girl's voice was little more than a husky whisper. "Take me somewhere! Please! For God's sake, take me somewhere!"

"Look, miss. I—"

"Don't act like a callow schoolboy. Please take me—"

"Is this—?"

"I don't want any money! I don't want to take! I want to give! Damn you, can't you see I'm—"

His voice was passion-charged. "I haven't got any place!"

"I have. My hotel. Three blocks. Will you come with me?"

"I—I'll hail a cab."

(turn over)

"No—we'll walk. In the cab I might—" A strange thing happened to her eyes—an odd languorous cast of promise.

"All right. We'll walk—"

It seemed like miles to Mark. Walking beside her, with her arm hooked in his, he was conscious of an elemental drive in this girl which sent a weakness surging through him. He'd always hoped there would be a woman somewhere for him. Maybe this one was she. Usually he was too shy with women, though he was handsome enough. He remembered all those terrible lonely nights of his solitary existence, broken only now and then by a paid love that was never satisfactory and bought only when tensions could no longer be borne. He glanced at her with hope and wonder growing inside him. Hope that this would begin a relationship that could last and wonder that it could happen to him. Her thigh brushed his and he hastily drew his open topcoat together and buttoned it. The girl understood exactly why he did this. She smiled knowingly and drew his arm tight against her breast as though happy at the effect upon him of her body touching his. "I like *big* men," she whispered. "It's a part of my weakness."

The room was in a middle-class hotel where the keynote was respectability. It was small, with a double bed and a round-mirrored dresser. But Mark had little time to note these things because even as the door closed behind them, she flung her arms around his neck.

There was something about this sudden, passionate hunger that was frightening. Her arms went around him—seemed to be trying to go *into* him—as a thirst-crazed person who would plunge into the pool of an oasis. The fright went out of him and tenderness took its place as he thought how lonely she might be too. Her head was against his chest. The contour of her legs were pressed against his, while her hips ground him against the door. He felt a sharp sting on his chest as she nipped him with her teeth. The tension within him snapped and he jarred her back with a quick blow from the heel of his hand.

Instantly, he was contrite, but contrition was not wanted. She leaned back and laughed. "We're animals—all animals."

She turned, her eyes full on his face, and he thought she was giving the initiative over to him. But when he approached her she held him away. Her eyes were great violet pools and her mouth was soft as she reached out and stripped off his topcoat and jacket. Again he reached for her.

But she was still not ready for him. Her voice was husky, "No. Be patient—we have to . . . Come with me and sit here." She led him to a straight chair sitting against a steam pipe, pushed him gently into the chair and began to untie his tie. Mark took her in his arms and pulled her down onto his lap. She changed then into anger. "Don't touch me yet!" she spat at him. Then as quickly she changed again, softened. "Not yet. Be patient and let me do this my way. You won't be sorry." Through sheer force of will Mark let his arms hang limply at his side.

Her busy fingers quickly had the shirt open and were pulling at it, trying to get his hands through the tight cuffs, but the cuff links held. Mark leaned forward, his hands behind him, while she fumbled at the cuff links. Suddenly he felt cold steel against his wrists and heard the snapping click of handcuffs. Before he was aware of what had happened, his hands were cuffed behind him to the steam pipe.

She stood away from him, as though frightened at what she had done, watching for his reaction.

It came swiftly. "What the hell is this?"

"Don't jerk. You'll hurt your wrists."

"Take these damned things off!"

"No. Not for a while."

"If you want my wallet, you could have asked. I haven't much money—"

"I don't want money."

"What in hell do you want?"

"I just want your hands tied so that you can't take over. This must go the way I want it or it's no good." The strange, unnatural look was in her beautiful eyes again. Her hands moved up her hips and over her body in a sensuous motion. "I'll explain. It will take more than just a couple of words."

As she talked she quickly took the rest of his clothes from him. Now she backed swiftly away and regarded him. Her eyes went over him inch by inch. Mark felt a small chill run through him and became angry.

"I could call for help," he snapped.

"You won't call for help looking like that. Everyone would laugh at you."

Mark realized it was true. Rage rendered him momen-



"Yes, I've wondered, too."

tarily impotent and he saw she was studying the effect of this. While he was struggling for words, she stood, frowning, looking at him. Then she came near and kissed him gently then with full pounding ardor. Her hands—they had a warmth and aliveness that was maddening—those facile expert hands.

"Stop it, damn you! Stop it!" His voice was little more than a gasp.

"Everything has to be right, the way I want it—"

"The way you want what?"

"Everything."

"You're not making any sense," he said. "What everything?"

"I'm going to tell you if you'll only listen."

"I can hardly do anything else," he said caustically.

"It happened a long time ago. We had a maid and a hired man on our estate. The maid loved him very much. He hated her—he must have, to do what he did to her. It happened one afternoon and I always remembered."

She was watching his body as though she was actually touching it in some sensuous, stroking way, hungrily drinking in the sight of it. Then her voice grew soft and husky, her mind somewhere back in the past.

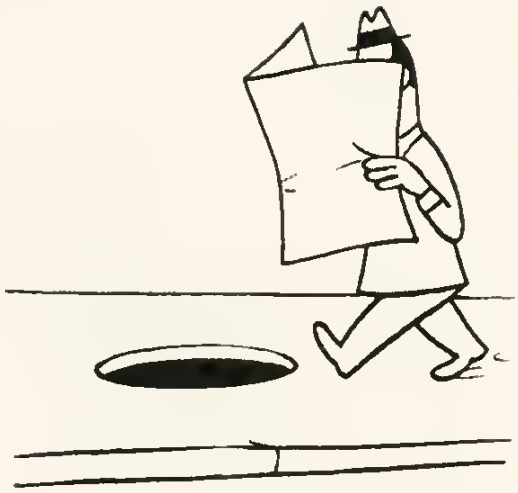
"There was a room over the garage. I could look in by climbing an oak tree and get close to the window, the branches still hiding me." Her eyes became lustrous and half seeing and she slowly began to unbutton her blouse, each movement slow and sinuous as though the hands were not her own.

Mark felt a sharp pity for her troubled loneliness and was no longer afraid of her but wanted to help her with his tenderness. As she continued to undress and talk he forgot everything else. His eyes were on her, watching, fascinated, and he felt excitement curl up through his belly like a slow coiling of smoke, at first gentle, then expanding quickly with a hard thrusting violence. The girl talked now in a faraway voice.

"She loved him and begged him to love her in return. And this day he did to her what—what I'm doing now."

The silk blouse came away with a soft sibilance. Mark saw the smooth luscious breasts that now stood revealed, perfect in contour, the pink virginal nipples aglow with exquisite promise. Her eyes were on him, but with a far look in them, and her mouth was moist and soft. She loosened her skirt and drew it slowly upward over her head, with those hands which were so cunning but no longer hers. They were the hands of the lover, gentle yet insistent and strong with a will of their own. She dropped the skirt and stood deeply tanned with no break of white skin and her slim belly was like an arrow pointing to treasures hidden by her skin-tight black lace panties. Mark felt himself breathing hard and the cuffs cut into his wrists as he strained against them.

The girl kicked off her shoes and sat down on the bed, stretching one leg, long and slim, tapering to a lush, rounded hip, and quickly stripped the stocking from it. Then the other stocking followed. Mark felt his senses sharpened like abraded nerves, and he breathed deeply, taking in her sweet muskiness, feeling his belly muscles tighten as he strained against his bonds. There was still no break in the tanned gorgeousness of slim legs and thighs. The subtle hollows of her hips were like deep



shaded dells in some sweet forest of the mind.

The girl quickly dropped her lace panties and stood poised, watching him avidly. Then she slowly relaxed. "I saw it—the maid and the hired man—I saw it and I'll never forget how he treated her—never touching her—always moving away—never letting her touch him. Finally she writhed on the floor crying and exhausted."

"She must have been crazy too!" Mark hardly recognized his voice, deep and husky with the thickness he felt in him, his whole body trembling with forces demanding release.

The girl leaped forward, totally changed, and lashed a stinging slap across his cheek. "I loved her! She was my friend! She was good!"

"All right. I won't argue. Listen, why don't you unlock these things? We'll sit down and talk it all over. Maybe I can help you."

She was no longer angry. "I don't unlock them."

"Who does?"

"Someone else—after."

"After what?"

She did not answer. Instead, she moved her body in a graceful gesture and stood with her small, perfect feet rather wide apart. Now what was almost a veil seemed to pass over her face, and with it came an expression of languorous wantonness. The expression expanded into an aura that enveloped her.

Bending slowly, she laid the palms of her hands against the insides of her ankles. As she straightened, the hands were drawn up toward the apex of her body's triangle. At the same time, with eyes half closed, she threw her head back. Her lips parted and her pink tongue was the head of the wisest of all serpents, just visible in the fairy cave of her sensual mouth.

"For God's sake, stop it! Unlock these cuffs!"

She seemed not to hear him. She was aware of him and yet she was not. Her essence, her gradually flowering sensual ecstasy was in another world; yet her eyes, for all their flame of abandon, were ever upon his body, searching for effect.

And Mark couldn't turn away. It was such a waste—

(turn over)



what she was doing—but he was held fascinated. His gaze was riveted to her ravishing body, following the movements of her hands.

And as he watched, he realized again they were not her hands but those of her lover—the phantom lover she conjured up to play this role; the at-times cruel, the often tender, the always demanding, questing, exploring hands of a lover, going everywhere hands could possibly go. Mark found himself wishing to be that lover and his whole body was straining with that same wild abandon she had, but held in leash. She was moaning slightly now as the heat of the terrible pantomime greatened. And the two of them, Mark and this breathtaking symbol of sex before him, were players in a tableau that had come to a climax.

Mark's head reeled. His vision blurred.

Instantly the girl changed. Her lover disappeared, and she was a pair of eyes observing and gloating.

"Unlock the handcuffs—please—"

Again she was a different person. Oblivious of her nakedness—or even his—she seemed a trifle weary. The psychic triumph, the satisfaction she had received, had come and gone and she was in a state of letdown.

"I can't. I never do."

"Then who does?"

"The person is not important. It is done for the money I pay to have it done."

"When?"

"After I've dressed and gone."

"Listen, I'm not angry with you. I think, in a way, that I understand. I think I know what you need! I can help you. Let me try to help you."

His plea was sincere. It seemed to reach her. She looked at him thoughtfully and—it seemed to him—there was also a plea in her eyes. "I've never done it. Never unlocked the cuffs. But you *do* seem different somehow . . ."

He knew she was on the brink of a decision and would tip one way or the other. He held his breath, waiting. Then she went to the dresser and returned with the key. A moment later the cuffs fell to the floor.

He moved instantly and before she could cry out his hand was over her mouth. He picked her up and carried her, twisting and squirming, to the bed, and then he was upon her, keeping her mouth covered but not rushing toward his goal. Rather he was gentle and stroking, giving her pleasure and receiving it in return. She relaxed after a little time and he drew his hand cautiously from her mouth.

"No! No!" But her voice was a choked whisper, not a cry. And he smiled against the soft flesh of her body in the place against which his face was pressed.

He continued to skirt his final purpose, brushing it in many ways, but never reaching it. He had the pattern of her own actions to guide him—her own guide to the most highly sensitive avenues into her being.

The warmth brought the sweat to their bodies and the sweat intermingled—was tasted and felt and became the symbol of growing frenzy. She was pinioned so she could not move but she no longer wanted to move away. His fingers pressed sweetly tight against her slim back. She was responding to him with a vigour of her own now, and he bound her mouth with his. Mark's words became moans as he moved toward the promise all womanhood holds forth, delaying the finality no longer.

The recovery from exhaustion was slow, but there was no moving away and now she lay close to him with her head pillowed on his shoulder. He felt strong and not alone in a new way that was a fulfillment he'd long sought and she felt it too, he knew.

"We'll do something about it," he said. "A good psychiatrist would have the answer. You don't have to live with this thing."

"It would be wonderful if—"

"It *will* be wonderful, darling. I'll help you. We'll fight it together."

She smiled. "Then I'm not sorry—it happened . . ."

They parted the next morning, arranging to meet in the lobby of a downtown hotel at five. He felt wonderful and fulfilled, believing that it would be the end of those lonely days and nights for him.

He was a little early for the meeting and found a chair in the middle of the lobby from which he could see her enter. As he watched the door he felt a trickle of sweat run down his side and realized he wanted desperately for this dream of someone for himself to come true. A beautiful new world that was free of loneliness had opened to him and he was strong and free in it.

She arrived promptly at five, paused for a moment and looked around, eagerly searching for him. He was just about to rise and signal to her when another young man nearby turned from the cigar counter and they collided.

The young man was abashed. His hat was off as he apologized. But she followed him and Mark saw her lips move in a whisper, saw her look of desperation. Then the young man, a dazed expression on his face, was being led out the door, the girl's arm locked securely in his.

Mark sat for a long time without moving before he went into the bar.

∞

THE QUEER BULLS

(*Continued from page* 21)

In the ten days I spent there, all the food served in the village was prepared in leaf wrappings in barbecue pits over hot stones covered with leaves and earth for twenty-four hours or more. And every bit of it was indescribably delicious.

The liquid drinks, when not water, were any number of fruit juices. I never knew fruit could be prepared in so many delicious forms. And although they ate with me, they seemed to expect me to eat more than all of them put together. I was soon so stuffed I could hardly move.

I had brought my hammock and mosquito bar along but they proved unnecessary. My *jacal* was furnished with mahogany chairs, one large table, and several smaller ones. The floor was covered almost completely with *petates*, or palm mats. Animals pelts were placed here and there like scatter rugs.

They made me a bed of puma and wildcat pelts over which they threw a sort of blanket of the softest down. I never found out exactly what the blanket was made from, but it certainly was soft and smooth to the touch.

Six to One—i.e., Girls

That first night I didn't get to sleep for the longest time. The strangeness of everything and my predicament kept me awake until the small hours. All the while a half-dozen girls, none of them more than sixteen, hovered over me and tried to anticipate my slightest mood. Finally, I undressed and slept in my swim trunks.

In a short while I awoke dreamily to find one of the younger girls standing over me and squeezing flower petals so that the essence would drop on me. Then she stroked it into my skin with the lightest touch of the finger-tips imaginable. When she saw I was awake, she ran to the others who were lying on *petates* on the floor. When I dozed off again, the same thing was repeated all over. But this time I motioned for the others to go outside. They seemed surprised but did as I wished.

I motioned to the one who remained that she continue with the flower petals. She did, without too much urging. She seemed delighted to do something that pleased me. It went from one thing to another in a game as ageless as time and yet as new as the present moment. Eventually, satisfied that everything was as it should be, she let me sleep. And I slept until awakened by more flower drippings. This time is was another girl. And that's the way it went. I never noticed the slightest sign of jealousy on the part of the men. In fact, they accompanied the women to the door and waited outside for them. I had no way of knowing what relationship existed between any of them.

I bathed in the lake mornings and afternoon. A number of the natives always accompanied me and were excellent swimmers. Sometimes we played games in the open with crude rubber balls or with a shuttlecock of crude rubber with long feathers in it. We used rackets of various sizes made of reed or bamboo with palm or grass webbing. And the children were much like youngsters anywhere: curious and playful. Their greatest pleasure was for me to pat them on the head. I can't say anything about their behavior because, after all, this was a special occasion

They walked with the natural grace of most primitive peoples. Their bodies were well proportioned and about average height by our standards. Their skin was dark, somewhat like the African Moors. It had a deep olive cast that's neither black nor white. Some were dark enough to make the uninitiate believe they were black. But that isn't so. They were more like a coconut brown.

Their features were fine. They had narrow noses and full lips. Their high cheekbones made their large, dark eyes appear oriental. The men wore their shoulder-length hair cut straight across the forehead, even with the eyebrows. The women, of course, used flowers to decorate their brilliant blue-black long hair. I saw a few of them with slightly wavy hair, but mostly it was as straight as a die.

Until the afternoon of the ninth day I had lost all sense of time. I slept, ate, swam, played ball games, or walked, and they anticipated my slightest whims. Then during the afternoon they began to bring all sorts of gifts and left them just outside the *jacal*. They all wished to touch my hair in return. I believe my scalp was massaged more that week than in all the rest of my life.

That night we had a feast and fiesta to end all fiestas. There must have been at least fifteen hundred people of all ages present. And people came from neighboring villages. They danced and sang and played games all night, and mountains of food were served. Everyone ate whenever he felt hungry. Every once in a while the chief would motion for me to go inside his *jacal* Several women would be waiting. As soon as they saw me, all would leave but one. And the one who stayed wasted no time.

I didn't sleep all that night. And in the middle of the morning they brought my horse already saddled. Then we had a mass farewell with the whole tribe and everyone taking turns at running their hands through my hair. After that the chief signaled me to mount and with twenty natives well loaded down with baskets and nets full of gifts leading the way in single file, Indian fashion, I started back to meet Colás where I had left him ten days before.

∞



Jack Spratt
could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
So she became a butch
And he became a queen

Is your lady a bust in the bedroom? Try switching her diet with dishes like artichokes, couscous, truffles, "animelles"—and ordinary egg yolk. You might be delightfully astonished at the results. For the tired young lady in your life lacking the appetite for love, there's nothing as stimulating as . . .

A TITILLATING TABLE

When the French talk of food, they have in mind not only a table rich with fine provender, but somebody opposite the diner who is good to look at—in short, appetizing.



"The mouth is given us not only for eating, but also for kissing, and the two functions are interdependent," writes Curnonsky, France's outstanding living gastronome in a recent book, *La Table et l'Amour*. "Only a person who appreciates fine cooking can thoroughly savor a skillful kiss, for love, like a dainty morsel of food, appeals first of all to the palate. The reason the poets compare the mouth to a fresh, toothsome fruit is that the kiss has edible qualities.

"In every case of genuine love which has come to our attention, both parties were epicures. It is dangerous to court a woman," he concludes, "who does not like to eat: *you will find her disappointing.*"

"Good food makes people see life in rosy colors and feel kindly toward each other," wrote Brillat-Savarin, more than a hundred years ago, in his famous Bible for gourmets, *Physiologie du Gout*

Curnonsky's little manual for the *Feinschmecker* who would also be a lover cites how, from Casanova's time on, the experimental French have sought out foods they thought might stimulate interest in the partner opposite.

The surest test of a woman's merits is her appetite, Casanova wrote in his *Memoirs* "I was fascinated by Marcellina's beauty, but more fascinated by her appetite, for the appetite of women has always been one of my weaknesses."



And the historic fact is that when the gallant Casanova gave up love, he did not desert the table. On the contrary.

"At seventy-three," a contemporary wrote of Casanova, "he takes out on food and drink his revenge on all the other pleasures which now refuse to serve him. Since he can no longer be a god in the gardens and a satyr in the forests, he is a wolf at the table. He spares nothing, begins joyfully and finishes very slowly, sorry only that he cannot begin again."

Ah, love! Ah, food!

Curnonsky does not approve of short cuts to love—through the palate—that is, too short. He deplores the experiment the Marquis de Sade conducted at Marseilles when that sinister wag invited the town's most distinguished citizens to an elaborate ball where, for a gag, he served the ladies a delicious chocolate candy stuffed with something which straightway turned the ball into a brawl, and even the most virtuous grandame lost at least her slipper. What he stuffed the bonbons with was *cantharides* or, in popular parlance, Spanish fly.

The Frenchman also shies away from a sister drug, phosphorus, "which leads," he says, "to nothing but sickness and crime for the idiots who use it."

Furthermore, it is not necessary to rely on these two poisons for aid in love-through-food. Nature has created many perfectly wholesome substances for the furtherance of her ends. The great horizontals of past ages, he says, achieved their most remarkable results with ingredients that can be found in any ordinary cookbook.

Take egg yolk. Rich in phosphorus, egg yolk has been used in many love potions. The Moroccans use egg yolk



and ground-up bedbugs. (Salt to taste.)

Henry IV of France always downed an egg yolk in a jigger of cognac before paying his respects to the beautiful Gabrielle, to the Marquise de Verneuil, to Madame de Gramont, to Madame de la Roche-Guyon, and others of his many paramours. The results earned him the title of "Vert-Galant" (freely, "Evergreen Lover") at an age when most men are content to sit back and applaud the efforts of their grandchildren.

Alexandre Dumas took time out from novel writing to do research in the field of restorative cookery. After years of careful study, he decided there was nothing to equal "animelles."

food

PAT DISKA



Animelles, we learn, are the private parts of a ram. In Tuscany, in Spain, in Provence, they are considered infallible. The ram is most highly favored in Italy, the bull in Spain. In Algeria and Morocco, on the other hand, the *animelles* of the lion are believed most efficacious.

Louis XV impressed upon Madame de Pompadour, whom he reproached with a certain aloofness, the advisability of a diet rich in *animelles.* Well aware of the importance of such matters to one in her position of unofficial queen, she at once embarked on an attempt to warm her blood, not only with *animelles,* but with ambergris-flavored chocolate, celery, and truffles, as well. Madame de Pompadour's blood, unfortunately, continued to run cold—except when it reached her face, where she broke out in flaming rashes.

Ambergrised chocolates, incidentally, were long believed to have extraordinary qualities. The famous Cardinal de Richelieu's nephew, the Duke de Richelieu, who all but achieved fatherhood in his ninetieth year, relied heavily upon ambergris candies.

Another food which has enjoyed an enviable reputation for many centuries is the artichoke, whose stimulating properties used to be so taken for granted that young maidens did not dare eat them. A matron in a French novel of the seventeenth century exclaims righteously:

"If one of us had ever eaten asparagus and artichokes, the finger of scorn would have been pointed at us as loose women. But nowadays the girls are shameless."

Catherine de Medici dotes on artichokes, which used to be hawked on the streets of Paris in the earthy language of bygone days

Artichokes! Artichokes!
For Mister and Moddom
Too soothe soul and body
And warm the bottom.



And then, as Curnonsky points out, they are such fun to eat. At each leaf you say, "He loves me, he loves me not," and the artichoke will answer, like a daisy

Highest in the scale of victuals sacred to Venus is that black diamond of the cuisine, the truffle.

A little eighteenth century ditty summarized their supposed attributes thus.

I'm such a charming tidbit for a beauty,
When she's in an ardent mood
That 'tis more a satisfaction than a duty
To give me to her lover
Than to use me as a food.



Curnonsky says the birth of Henry IV can be attributed to a *paté de foie gras,* abundantly betruffled, and truffles were equally responsible for Napoleon's son, who became King of Rome.

But the truffle, he adds, is not alone. We must forget the crustaceans, fish, and caviar, all rich in phosphorus. The properties of the fruit of sea and river have been notorious throughout history—so much so that Moses prohibited the use of many varieties to the ancient Hebrews, to preserve them from the temptations of the flesh.

The sea bass, according to Curnonsky, is notorious. Sought after by discriminating palates, especially in the South of France, it is known as the Wolf. Which made it possible for Alice—who, before the War, ran a well-known institution for young ladies in the Old Port in Marseilles—to say: "I'll give you a wolf to eat, and afterwards you'll turn into one."

The lizard, too, cannot be overlooked. As for the crocodile, its properties are extraordinary.

High honors go to the Parisian restaurateur who, not long ago, presented the public with a concoction he called, "Rossole, the Oriental Dish of Desire."

The recipe is supposed to have been found in documents relating to the famous eighteenth century adventurer, the Count of St. Germain, preceptor to Cagliostro. The Count is said to have availed himself of it when he entertained the ladies of the court in his town house. More delicious than the Arabian *couscous,* its effects are

(*turn over*)

said to be irresistible. The recipe is a carefully guarded secret, but it has been ascertained that this witches' brew includes sea urchins, many varieties of shellfish, small crustaceans, devilfish, probably also other little fish, all cooked in a double boiler and drowned in a profusion of spices, seasoned with old cognac—the whole sustained on a mutton-chop base.

Curnonsky, for his part, avers a preference for simpler fare: a few shrimp, a young partridge stuffed with truffles, or a good slice of red meat, followed by a well-seasoned celery salad and washed down with a light burgundy or a dry champagne, topped off with a mellow *fine*. His words on liqueurs are especially rhapsodic.

"One does not drink a liqueur," he informs us. "One takes it, as one takes a woman. One caresses it, with one's eyes, one's lips . . . One inhales it . . . It is a delicate pleasure which must be prolonged as long as possible. One must savor it not by short sips, but by drops, by tears."

His scorn for teetotalers knows no bounds. The moderate use of alcohol is essential to health and happiness, he says, citing Marcel Prevost, whose book, *Manon Lescaut*, places the author in the ranks of experts on things amorous. Prevost, in his weighty *Annals*, described poignantly the unhappy dilemma of the wineless ones:

"They consent to drink no more wine, ruin their stomachs with mineral waters as artificial as the most artificial wines, and become neurotic by the hundred. Look among your friends, and you will see that only the wine drinkers are not neurotic. Nor are they ever hypochondriacs; maybe this is why needy doctors have declared war on the juice of the vine."

But Curnonsky warns us that in artistic eating and drinking, as in artistic love, even the most exquisite delicacies lose their savor when taken to excess. "Pleasure ends where effort begins."

As Brillat-Savarin once said, the man who gets drunk or suffers from indigestion knows neither how to drink nor how to eat.

"If the exhilaration induced by a good wine or a *fine* seem desirable, the slightest heaviness on the stomach, the faintest hint of a gurgle in the viscera, places even the gentleman with the best of intentions, even the lady of the most graciously receptive frame of mind, in an intolerably ridiculous position."

Curnonsky has some stringent "don'ts" for those seeking the good graces of the opposite sex. Above all, he warns, avoid the potato.

In Shakespeare's time on the other hand, the potato was considered a powerful aphrodisiac. The demon of lechery was represented, in the sixteenth century, with a fat behind and potatoes for fingers.

Perhaps the potato's prestige in those days was due to the fact that it was exorbitantly expensive. No longer true, now the potato is banished today from love's board —along with other starchy vegetables, such as beans and lentils, and the watery ones, including tomatoes. Amongst the beverages, he writes, we should especially avoid beer, "that drink of the frigid North."

Curnonsky also warns against rich sauces, and everything heavy and hard to digest.

"But do not conclude, over hastily, that Venus demands monastic austerity of her cult. There remain a legion of tempting foods upon which, without overstraining the imagination, we may draw for menus that permit variety without ever relaxing the highest standard of excellence."

Curnonsky admits that even the most carefully selected menu will not enable the doddering dotard to play the stripling, nor tranform Juno into Juliette.

The magic potion does not exist that will endow with sight those who are blind to love's pleasures. But it is possible to provide glasses for the myopic. In this lies the secret of the titillating table.

One must experiment. One must love adventure.

One finishes by finding, if not the Brave New World, at least a new way to make soft-boiled eggs.

THE AUTOMATIC GENTLEMAN

(continued from page 3)

"Our products are perfect replicas . . . and to the last detail."

"The last detail?"

"Exactly."

I hung up and rushed out to the car. I went through a red light and a couple of stop signs on my way home. I prayed that I would be in time to save her.

I hurried into the house through the back door. Barbara was in the kitchen. Her face was rigid and red, and her lower lip was prominent. I remembered that she used to look the same way when she couldn't have an appliance that she wanted.

"What happened?"

"What do you mean?" She avoided looking at me.

"Where's Mac?"

"Upstairs," she said. "I wish you'd get rid of Mac."

"Why? What happened?"

Her voice seemed unsteady. "I just don't want him around the house any more."

Something *had* happened all right. I took a claw hammer from a cabinet drawer and headed upstairs. Mac was in his room.

"You lousy tin snake-in-the-grass." I raised my hammer. "I'll teach you to mess around with *my* wife."

Mac smoked like crazy and started to shimmy. Sparks flew as a loud grinding noise came from somewhere inside him. He toppled over on the bed, and I was sure he'd stripped his gears.

Astonished, I watched him. What could have broken him down that way? Had my accusation hurt his sensitive wiring? Was I wrong about him? I forced myself to think about what I had refused to consider up until now. After a minute my mind began to focus on the obvious. It made me very sad to think of Barbara in that way, but I knew that forgiving her wouldn't be too hard. After all, how could she have resisted all this perfection? Don't get me wrong, though. At this moment I was very thankful.

I lay down the hammer and extended my right hand. "Forgive me, Mac. You're a perfect gentleman, too."





"Who's gonna knock whose *what* off?"

a drink. There was always a chance. He thought briefly of waiting until later, when there would be less people. But he could not wait, not possibly. This way the fight was not yet over, there was this one more round and waiting would let it spoil. He rang the bell.

The man who opened the door was fat and drunk and he stepped back in surprise and Morgan was in the room.

"Well Jesus K. Rist!" the fat man bawled, "Lookit here!"

Morgan stood stiffly and put his hands in his pockets and tried to grin. Heads turned toward him but the party went right on, and he saw three of Parilli's big boys get up and come at him. He stood perfectly still. It was like hunting deer. Make no quick motion. He looked past the three men and saw Cyclone across the room. He was leaning on the bar with a drink in his hand, talking to a girl in a silver dress. He had not looked up.

"All right, waddya want?" the fat man said. His eyes had focused and he was looking down warily. The three men came up moving all together almost in step, like soldiers.

"I been invited," Morgan said.

"You better move on," one of the three boys said.

"But I been invited," Morgan said. He grinned. "Ask Cyclone."

The three boys edged in on him slowly and they were all bigger than he was and he could not see past them anymore. They were looking at his clothes all wet with the rain.

"He's drunk, throw him the hell out."

"No he ain't."

"He don't look very big outside the ring."

"Get goin', boy."

"I ain't lookin' for trouble," Morgan said.

"You damn right."

"Hey listen," the fat man said. "He *did* invite him. I heard him. I thought he was kiddin'."

"He owes me a drink."

"But he was kiddin'."

"The hell he was," Morgan said. He grinned again friendlily. The three boys were uncertain. Morgan took the moment.

"Come on, you guys, lay off me. On'y want a drink. Go ask Parilli."

When he mentioned Parilli's name he moved for the first time. He slipped through them gently, still grinning, and began walking slowly across the room toward the Cyclone.

"Hey wait a second," one of them said, but nobody moved and he walked on slowly smiling across the room and around a long couch. He felt beautifully cold and clear and there was a high wide whistling going on in his head, like the wind on a high mountain. He could smell the cigar smoke and the liquor and feel the soft carpet beneath his feet, but he was not conscious of his wet clothes or of any part of his body, and the noises of the room were dim and the lights were all sharp and glittering.

He was getting close. Now it began to show on his face. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Parilli. Parilli saw him too, and the little man stood up quickly and shouted something. Morgan heard a movement toward him but it was too late. The Cyclone looked up.

"You run away from me," Morgan said. "Lemme see you run now."

The Cyclone blinked, puzzled. The girl backed off. The Cyclone saw it coming and put his left up.

Morgan hit him with both hands in the belly. The kid tried to slip away and fell back across the bar. There was a sound of glass breaking. Morgan kept hitting him low, in and out, not risking a shot at the head until the hands came down and the boy leaned forward grunting, spitting, and then Morgan hit him once with everything, now and for keeps, aiming, and felt the jaw break and his bare hand crack as the punch hit and went through. And then he was grabbed from behind, not hit but grabbed, which was a mistake, because he whirled down low happily, exultantly, and hit for the groin, getting two that way and making light between them, and he lunged to get out.

But one tackled him and he went down. He came back up to his knees and gouged at the eyes of the man holding him. He looked up and saw legs and a blackjack and dodged a kick at his face, hitting again at the groin, but the back of his head exploded and he could not see anything. Then they were all over him and hurting him and holding him down. He could not move and he felt them tear into his belly and there was a foot grinding down on his right hand. The fight went out of him suddenly. It was very dark and quiet.

After a while he began to hear. He was numb all over and he could not see. He felt himself being picked up under the shoulders. He could not move. He could hear them swearing.

"Kill him! Kill the son of a bitch!"

"Get him out first. Too many goddam women—"

"Take him down in the alley and work on him, really work—"

"Shut up."

Somebody slapped his face.

"Morgan? You hear me?"

He recognized the voice. Parilli.

"You goddam fool!"

He got his eyes open but everything was blurred. He tried to grin.

"Jesus," Parilli said.

"We ought to kill the son of a bitch."

"You shut your face," Parilli said.

"What? But Jesus boss—"

"Take him down and put him in a car and take him home."

"Home? Home? But for Crissakes—"

"You wanta argue?"

"No, I don't wanna argue."

"I said take him home."

There was a silence. He could feel them carrying him. One of them said apologetically:

"You gonna let him fight again boss?"

"He won't fight again."

"How you gonna stop him?"

"Lookit his hands. You can see the bones. He won't



fight no more."

"But he's gettin' off light. Shouldn't we make a lesson on him?"

"Listen," Parilli said slowly. There was a pause. "I tell you what. We sit him down and let him come to. We give him a shot, just so's he can stand. Then you person'ly, all by yourself, you want to try to work him over?"

The other man did not say anything. Parilli laughed.

"Take him home," Parilli said.

He lay in the car with his head against the window and when they passed a streetlight he could see the rain falling in long silvery streaks. He watched the rain and the lights going hy and was dumbly warmly happy. But he was not going home. One thing more. He grinned craftily to himself and gave the driver her address. He lay grinning against the window and hugging his stomach where it hurt and watching the rain. When they let him out he was able to walk and he made it up to her door.

He stopped here as he had at the other. He did not know why. Some of the joy of it went suddenly away. He thought that he must look pretty bad. He wiped his face, making his cheek bleed again, and tried to tuck his shirt in. His right hand hurt and he looked down at it and saw that it was broken. The knuckles were all hunched and bloody where the one had stepped on it. He began to feel the pain of it and the pain in his body. He thought that if you were going to do this at all you better do it quick. He pressed the bell.

She was a long while coming. When she came his eyes were blurred and he could not see her clearly. She put a hand to her throat and backed away.

"Sorry woke you up," he said. "Got somethin' to tell you." He saw the fear in her eyes. "Christ," he said, "I ain' gonna hurt you. I just want to tell you. I been over to see the Cyclone. We finished up at his place." He grinned widely and felt the dried blood cracking on his lips. "He ast me to his party. Vict'ry party. So I went on over there. You should've seen it. He couldn't run no more. I caught him there and I hung him. Oh baby, I really, really, hung him . . ."

He raised his right hand and shook it and staggered with the effort.

"You," she said thickly, "you."

"So I just thought I'd drop by and tell you."

"You had to," she said. He saw her clearly. Her face above the white nightgown was all warped and strange.

"So I'll see you some time," he said.

"My God, will you ever," she said. "Will you ever, ever. Look what they've done, they've hurt you, you don't see what they've done." She pulled at his arm, her face twisted. "Can you see me? You look like you can't see me."

"I can see you."

"You need a doctor." She pulled at him and he went with her into the room. "Sit down. Sit there. You had to come here. You had to tell me. Oh look at you." She turned and went away and he could hear her on the phone and then she came back with a wet warm towel for his face. He looked down at her and he felt suddenly very thick and flowing inside. She was dabbing at his face and he was staring at her, and when she saw the expression on his face she stopped. He could feel it come welling up. But he couldn't say anything. He wanted to say it but he had no words. He sat gazing at her dumbly. Never any words, he thought, always the trouble, mad or happy, never any words, always choked up inside with big hot waves. Mad and you fight and happy you never said anything, never could, and she too, both of us like that, but think of it now, please think of it now.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Honey?" he said.

"What's the matter?" she said again. He saw that she was crying.

"Ah," he said. He bent his head. He saw his hand, his bloody right hand. He raised it and held it before her eyes.

"See?" he said. "Honey?"

She stared at the hand. She reached out and touched it gently. She lay her head on his knee and he could feel the sobs racking her.

"Listen," he said. "Don't do that."

He reached out and put his good hand on her hair.

"Honey. Don't do that. Listen. You're getting the blood on you."

"Blood?" she said. She looked up at him. "Blood. All right. Let me get the blood on me. I need the blood on me. Think of all the people in the world never got blood on them."

She rose up and put her arms around his neck. His face was warm and dark against her bosom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SILVER STUDIOS



RIGHT DRESS

Janne Boru revives the tank suit for dolls as well as guys. Fine worsted jersey in bright, light, and dark colors with harlequin diamond inserts of contrasting jersey. All edges are elasticized to keep things from slipping, but the backs are cut low to permit suntanning, and guys, at any rate, can roll the tops down to the waist.



NIGHT SHIFT

Nowadays experienced travelers travel light.

Fortunately modern clothes, as well as modern luggage make it easy to pack enough for two weeks—or two months—in one suitcase of reasonable size.

At this season of the year, the first things I'd pack are two suits of tropical weight, one dark (say charcoal grey or navy blue) and one light (say natural or medium tan). These will make your wardrobe flexible.

In cities you can wear them as complete suits, and the dark one will serve for dinner and dancing even in smart metropolitan restaurants.

In the country you can mix them, using the jacket of one with the trousers of the other, or you can wear either pair of trousers with sport shirts.

I've found Palm Beach suits very satisfactory because the jackets are well balanced and special construction makes the collars hug your neck. Furthermore, mohair in the yarn has great natural resilience that makes wrinkles bounce out and minimize the necessity for pressing.

Now we come to shoes, which can add greatly to the weight of luggage. John Ward has imported some excellent light-weight ones from Italy and has also produced slightly heavier ones designed along the same lines. Norwegian moccasins such as the Bass "Weejuns" are popular, comfortable, and don't take up much room.

Those wash-and-wear shirts, made of dacron and cotton fabrics which require no ironing, are a great help. So are stretch nylon socks and underwear.

On a tour through the northern states and into Canada, you'll welcome the warmth of cashmere sweaters and wool socks, particularly in the cool of the evening.

And on any trip—by land, sea, or air—a light-weight raincoat is a must. You'll need it on rainy days, of course, but you'll also find that the closely woven fabric makes a good windbreaker in clear, cool weather when you drive with the top down. One of London Fog's dacron and cotton coats will fill the bill admirably, and they don't wrinkle when packed. Light tan is the smartest color. This company also makes good looking golf jackets and bush coats of the same fabric.

Many men who'd never consider driving an old jalopy, don't seem to realize how much they are judged by their luggage. If they did they wouldn't travel around with beat-up old bags when smart luggage is so inexpensive. Take the Skyway three-suiter, for instance. Built over a plywood frame shaped under electronic heat, and covered with Koroseal, which looks like leather and is practically indestructible, this case measures 26"x18"x8½", weighs only 12 pounds, and costs $32.50. Lined with Irish linen, it has a removable divider that prevents your shirts from getting crushed.—ROGER HAYES

Too many men don't get as much pleasure as they should out of dining in New York restaurants—especially if they happen to be visitors in these cities and are not known by the *maitres des hotels*

At home, they can probably go into their city's best restaurant at whatever time they choose and the headwaiter, recognizing them, will beckon them out from the crowd behind the velvet rope, and see that space is made for them.

But for an evening on the big town—starting with dinner—the following suggestions may be of some help.

Several of Manhattan's best hotels serve special pre-theatre dinners from six-thirty on, so that customers don't have to wolf their food in order to get to the theatre before curtain time. These dinners are not expensive, and since dancing doesn't start until after eight-thirty, there's no minimum charge and no entertainment tax.

The Ambassador's magnificent Embassy Club is one place that provides a pre-theatre dinner—with music by Jan Sarkozi and his Gypsies.

The Plaza's Rendez-Vous Room is another; here *shashlik* (chunks of young lamb marinated in lemon juice and grilled on a spit) is served spectacularly on a flaming sword.

If you want to dance during dinner, you might go to the Savoy-Plaza's Café Lounge, while Irving Conn's well-known band plays from cocktail time on through the evening.

Of course if you prefer to wrap up everything in one package—dining, dancing, and a big, spectacular, fast-moving revue, with singing, acrobatics, and plenty of nearly naked ladies—you can't do better than Lou Walters' Latin Quarter. Go early so that you'll have time to finish your dinner before the show begins.

Of course there's also the Copacabana, where the big names, such as Buddy Hackett, Vic Damone, and Frank Sinatra are starred in the shows, and the well-known Copa beauties cavort in the club's famous line. Dinners start at three dollars. Be sure to make reservations.

For several years the Versailles supper club has been having a great success with bright, lively little musical comedies in which dancing, singing, comedy, and original music are strung together on what purports to be a plot. Salvatore Gioe's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band alternate for dancing after nine o'clock. (These last three places have supper as well as dinner shows.)

We'll have more tips on Gotham night life in the next issue.—DERMOD KENEDY.

THE FIELD OF BLUE CHILDREN

(*Continued from page* 40)

June, that Myra had the courage to approach him. After that meeting she saw him standing by the water fountain at the end of the corridor. She rushed impulsively up to him and told him, all in one breath, that his was the best unpublished verse she'd ever heard, that he should submit it to some of the good literary magazines, that she thought the other members of the club were absolute fools for not understanding.

Homer stood with his fists clenched in his pockets. He did not look at her face the whole time she was speaking. When she had stopped, his excitement burst through. He tore a sheaf of manuscripts from his brief case and thrust them into her hands.

"Please read them," he begged, "and let me know what you think."

They went downstairs together. On the bottom step he tripped and she had to catch his arm to prevent him from falling. She was both touched and amused by his awkwardness and by his apparent delight in walking beside her. As they went out of the white stone building the late afternoon sun, yellow as lemon, met their faces in a beneficent flood. The air was filled with the ringing of five-thirty bells and the pliant voices of pigeons. A white feather from one of the stirring wings floated down and lighted upon Myra's hair. Homer lifted it off and thrust it in his hatband, and all the way home, after leaving him, Myra could feel that quick, light touch of his fingers. She wondered if he would keep the pigeon's feather; treasure it, possibly, for a long while afterward because it had once touched her person.

That night, when the sorority house was submerged in darkness, she took out the sheaf of poems and read them through without stopping. As she read she felt a rising excitement. She did not understand very much of what she was reading, but there was a cumulative effect, a growing intensity in the sequence. When she had finished she found herself trembling: trembling as when you step from warm water into chill air.

She dressed and went downstairs. She didn't know what she was planning to do. Her movements were without any conscious direction. And yet she had never moved with more certainty.

She opened the front door of the sorority house, ran down the brick-paved walk, turned to the left and continued swiftly through the moonlit streets till she had reached Homer's residence. It startled her to find herself there. There were cicadas burring in the large oaks—she had not heard them until this moment. And when she looked upward she saw a close group of stars above the western gable of the large frame house. The Seven Sisters. They were huddled together like virgin wanderers through a dark forest. She listened and there was not a voice anywhere, nothing except the chant of cicadas and the faint rustling of her white skirt when she moved.

She went quickly around the side of the house to the door that she had seen Homer come out of in the mornings. She gave two short, distinct raps, then flattened herself against the brick wall. She was breathing rapidly. After waiting a while, she knocked again. Through the glass pane she could see down a flight of stairs into the basement. The door of a lamplit room was open. She saw first a moving shadow, then the boy himself, catching a heavy brown robe about his body and frowning up at the door as he mounted toward it.

As the door came open she gasped his name.

For a whole minute, it seemed, he said nothing. Then he caught her arm and pulled her inside the door.

"Myra, it's you!"

"Yes, it's me," she laughed. "I don't know what came over me. I've been reading your poetry and I just felt like I had to see you at once and tell you. . . ."

Her breath gave out. She leaned against the closed door. It was her eyes this time, and not his, that looked for concealment. She looked down at the bottom of his ugly brown bathrobe and she saw his bare feet beneath it, large and bony and white, and the sight of them frightened her. She remembered the intense, fleeting way of his eyes sliding over her face and body and the way he trembled that afternoon when she came up to him in the corridor, how those large feet had tripped on the bottom stair and she had been forced to catch him to keep him from falling.

"There was one thing in particular," she went on with a struggle. "There was something about a field of blue flowers. . . ."

"Oh, yes," he whispered. "The blue children, you mean!"

"Yes, that was it!"

Now she lifted her eyes, eagerly.

"Come down to my room, Myra."

"I couldn't!"

"You couldn't?"

"No, of course not! If anyone caught me. . . ."

"They wouldn't!"

"I'd be expelled!"

There was a slight pause.

"Wait a minute!"

He ran down three steps and turned.

"Wait for me just one minute, Myra!"

She felt her head nodding. She heard him running down the rest of the steps and into the basement room where he lived. Through the door she saw his shadow moving about the floor and the walls. He was dressing. Once he stepped into the portion of the bedroom that she could see through the half-open door and he stood in her sight naked from the waist up, and she was startled and strangely moved by that brief glimpse of his full, powerful chest and arms, strikingly etched with shadows thrown by the lamp. In that moment he acquired in her mind a physical reality which he had never had before. A very great physical reality, greater than she had felt in Kirk Abbott or in any of the other young men that she had gone with on the campus.

A minute later he stepped out of the door and closed it and came quietly up the short flight of steps to where she was standing.

"I'm sorry I took so long."

"It wasn't long."

He took her arm and they went out of the door and around to the front of the house. The oak tree in the front lawn appeared gigantic. Everything was peculiarly

magnified; even the crunch of gravel under their two pairs of white shoes. She expected to see startled, balloon-like heads thrust out of all the upstairs windows, to hear voices calling a shrill alarm, her name shouted from rooftops, the rushing of crowds in pursuit. . .

"Where are we going?" she asked as he led her south along the brick walk.

"I want to show you the field I described in the poem."

It wasn't far. The walk soon ended and under her feet was the plushy coolness of earth. The moon flowed aqueously through the multitude of pointed oak leaves: the dirt road was also like moving water with its variations of light and shade. They came to a low wooden fence. The boy jumped over it, then held out his arms. She stepped to the top rail and he lifted her down from it. On the other side his arms did not release her but held her closer.

"This is it," he told her, "the field of blue children."

She looked beyond his dark shoulder. And it was true. The whole field was covered with dancing blue flowers. There was a wind scudding through them and they broke before it in pale blue waves, sending up a soft whispering sound like the infinitely diminished crying of small children at play.

She thought of the view from her window at night, those nights when she cried bitterly without knowing why, the dome of the administration building like a white peak and the restless waves of moonlit branches and the stillness and the singing voices, mournfully remote, blocks away, coming closer, the tender, foolish ballads, and the smell of the white spirea at night, and the stars clear as lamps in the cloud-fretted sky, and she remembered the choking emotion that she didn't understand and the dread of all this coming to its sudden, final conclusion in a few months or weeks more. And she tightened her arms about the boy's shoulders. He was almost a stranger. She knew that she had not even caught a first glimpse of him until this night, and yet he was inexpressibly close to her now, closer than she had ever felt any person before.

He led her out over the field where the flowers rose in pale blue waves to her knees and she felt their soft petals against her bare flesh and she lay down among them and stretched her arms through them and pressed her lips against them and felt them all about her, accepting her and embracing her, and a kind of drunkenness possessed her. The boy knelt beside her and touched her cheek with his fingers and then her lips and her hair. They were both kneeling in the blue flowers, facing each other. He was smiling. The wind blew her loose hair into his face. He raised both hands and brushed it back over her forehead and as he did so his hands slipped down behind the back of her head and fastened there and drew her head toward him until her mouth was pressed against his, tighter and tighter, until her teeth pressed painfully against her upper lip and she tasted the salt taste of blood. She gasped and let her mouth fall open and then she lay back among the whispering blue flowers.

Afterward she had sense enough to see that it was impossible. She sent the poems back to the boy with a short note. It was a curiously stilted and formal note, perhaps because she was dreadfully afraid of herself when she wrote it. She told him about the boy Kirk Abbott whom she was going to marry that summer and she explained to Homer how impossible it would have been for them to try and go on with the beautiful but unfortunate thing that had happened to them last night in the field.

She saw him only once after that. She saw him walking across the campus with his friend Hertha, the tall, weedy girl who wore thick-lensed glasses. Hertha was clinging to Homer's arm and shaking with outlandishly shrill laughter; laughter that could be heard for blocks and yet did not sound like real laughter.

Myra and Kirk were married in August of that year. Kirk got a job with a telephone company in Poplar Falls and they lived in an efficiency apartment and were reasonably happy together. Myra seldom felt restless any more. She did not write verse. Her life seemed to be perfectly full without it. She wondered sometimes if Homer had kept on with his writing but she never saw any of it in the literary magazines so she supposed it couldn't have amounted to very much after all.

One late spring evening a few years after their marriage Kirk Abbott came home tired from the office hungry for dinner and found a scribbled note under the sugar bowl on the drop-leaf table.

"Driven over to Carsville for just a few hours. Myra."

It was after dark: a soft, moony night.

Myra drove south from the town till she came to an open field. There she parked the car and climbed over the low wooden fence. The field was exactly as she had remembered it. She walked quickly out among the flowers; then suddenly fell to her knees among them, sobbing. She cried for a long time, for nearly an hour, and then she rose to her feet and carefully brushed off her skirt and stockings. Now she felt perfectly calm and in possession of herself once more. She went back to the car. She knew that she would never do such a ridiculous thing again, for now she had left the last of her troublesome youth behind her.

∞



A great contribution to mon
Wos made by a harlot named Fron
Known but to few
She's the one who
Invented the loy-awoy plan

BUD PERRY'S FIRST WIFE

(*Continued from page 46*)

There was a hurried movement, and a moment later Susie had gone. The next thing he knew Henrietta was sitting close beside him on the bundle-bed. She put her arms around him in a tight embrace.

"Now, just where were we, Mr. Perry?" he heard her saying to him.

The clerk who issued marriage licenses had just unlocked the door of his office the next morning when Bud Perry, Henrietta, and Susie drove up to the courthouse and hurried inside. The people on the street at that time of morning who recognized Bud said afterward that he appeared to be in good spirits and in his right mind, and they supposed he had sold Henrietta Shutters one of his houses or some other piece of property and that they had gone to the courthouse to register the deed. However, it was not long until word spread through town that Bud Perry was taking out a marriage license, and everybody took it for granted that he was going to marry Henrietta Shutters' daughter, Susie.

That was exactly what Bud thought, too, and like any other man in similar circumstances, he was nervous and excited, and naturally in a hurry to furnish the necessary information for the license and get the ordeal over with.

What happened, though, was that Bud stood there in front of the clerk, completely dumfounded and his mouth agape, as Henrietta Shutters stepped forward, instead of Susie, to furnish the rest of the required information. As anybody might have been, when Henrietta stepped forward, Bud was too stunned to utter a word of protest, and the next thing he knew they were leaving the courthouse and driving down the street to the minister's house. By the time he had come to his senses, the worst had happened, and it was too late to do anything but wonder how in the world such a thing could take place.

As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, Bud went straight to the bank and drew out the money Henrietta told him she wanted right away. The amount was more than he thought he ought to give her after being married such a short time, but Henrietta told him that if he did not give her five hundred dollars so she could send Susie back to New Orleans to study beauty culture, she would stay right there in Mingusville and live in his house for the rest of her life. It should be said that Bud Perry had enough of his wits about him to do some quick thinking, and he withdrew a thousand dollars instead of five hundred. Then he walked out of the bank and told Henrietta it was all hers, provided both she and the other woman went back to New Orleans that same day.

At noon when Henrietta and Susie got on the bus, people all over town were talking about what had happened and taking sides. As it was to be expected, some people shook their heads and said Bud Perry was even less bright than they had given him credit for being. On the other hand, there were a lot of people who said it took a smart mind to handle the matter the way Bud did, because any man who had lived all his life in Mingusville was liable to get tricked by one New Orleans woman, and that it spoke well for Bud Perry's common sense to be smart enough to get rid of two New Orleans women at the same time.

The only thing Bud ever said about the matter was that if he ever felt the need for a second wife, he was going to make it a hard-and-fast rule to court only one woman at a time, and, what was even more important, to make sure that none of that was done to a New Orleans woman on a new-fashioned bundle-bed.

∞



AND WHO WOULDN'T? Na wonder peaple are losing their heads aver us.

Take that man in the center, far instance. Yes, that ane. The ane with the maustache. He's a distinguished university prafessar.

"THE DUDE," says he, "is indispensable."

Or the man at the right. The ane with the lang nase. (Laak hard, naw.)

"THE DUDE," says he, "is unbeatable."

What we say is: THE DUDE is *The Magazine Devoted To Pleasure.*

Ta insure receipt af each and every issue af THE DUDE, why not subscribe? It casts na mare ta have THE DUDE delivered ta yaur hame by a special messenger. (The pastman, that is.) Became a charter subscriber taday.

Remittance must accampany arder.

THE DUDE
500 Fifth Avenue
New Yark 36, N.Y.

I want to become a charter subscriber to *THE DUDE*.

(check one) ☐ **Please send me six issues far $3.**

☐ **Please send me twelve issues for $6.**

Name

Address

City **Zane** **State**



She will love you forever if...

She can enter the rich world of pleasure.
Where she can go to any show she wants to see.
Where she can have the finest furs
against her live young body.
Taste the luscious succulence of food
as only the finest chefs can prepare it.
Drink the heady wines of the gods.
Know the oliveness of a scintillating world
of sophisticatian and good living.

How?

It's very simple!

We will give you the secret.
But wait a little.
Savor the wish.
Dream on it together. Plan for it.
It is waiting for you.

When the sweet smell of Fall
is in the air and all New York
comes alive again in September,
then you will know.

And The Dude will tell you how
you can give it to her....

It's easy.

You'll find the secret
right here —
in The Dude's next issue,
on your newsstand in August.

Watch for it!


THE DUDE will bring you even more pleasure in October